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MISS PARDOE'S FRANCIS THE FIRST.*

This work has a critical advantage over the writer's Louis the Fourteenth, in its greater wholeness. The materials have been better digested; unity is consequently more closely preserved; and, in the main, the reader has the true subject and nothing else. As a merely amusing book, it is perhaps scarcely equal to its predecessor; because the materials for piquant scandal and attractive gossip are far less rich, and Miss Pardoe is hardly equal to the true historical style. In a certain sense, too, the subject lacks novelty. The great events in the first half of the sixteenth century, pregnant as they were with future consequences, and the close connection which existed between the three remarkable monarchs then at the head of European affairs, have rendered the reigns of Henry the Eighth, Francis the First, and the Emperor Charles, more or less known to the reader of either of them, from the manner in which the interests and actions of each affected those of the others. Hume, in his history of Henry the Eighth, has traced the outline of the French king's reign, with such a critical perception of the essential points, and such felicitous comprehension of narrative, that it is surprising how little he has really left to be told beyond the filling up of the story. Robertson, in his Charles the Fifth, of necessity entered more fully into French affairs; and, independently of French histories, we have at least one life of Francis the First. These narratives, however, rather treat of the monarch and his statesmen than the man and his favorites. Miss Pardoe aims at combining all; and so far as plan and painstaking go, she has not been unsuccessful. The drawback is, that the first story has been told already, and there does not exist enough of original materials at once trustworthy and graphic to enable the second to be exhibited in the detailed manner which she has adopted, and which is probably best fitted for the theme, unless it be handled in a way very different from that of our modern lady historians.

It is an objection to an elaborate book of this character, especially when partaking more of history than memoirs, that the author is not altogether able to perceive the political philosophy of the period, or its social and individual characteristics. In a political sense, Francis was really the first King of France; for although all the great fiefs or principalities were annexed to the crown before his succession, he was the first monarch who actually ruled the French nation, and wielded its full power. His reign, too, was a great turning-point of French history; that is, had Francis been a better or a more prudent man, the character of the people would probably have been better also. We do not mean that he could create or change a national character—*that* is beyond a monarch's or even a poet's power. But Francis was the type of the Frenchman; unfortunately, with a leaning to the worser side. His handsome and manly person, as preserved by the pencil of Titian, exhibits the comeliness, the grace, the style of the Gallic cavalier; while the taste of the monarch *or* the artist stopped short of that gaudiness in apparel and that self-display which throw the air of the theatre over the French gentilhomme. The gallantry of Francis, his love of glory, his courage, carried to the verge of rashness and never directed by prudence, appealed to the hearts of his subjects; for the king was what many of them were in degree, and what all would wish to be. His taste and munificence struck the fancy of a people who possess an innate love for splendor; his indifference to cost set them a bad example; and, unfortunately, that bad example hit them on a weak point. His patronage of literature and the arts flattered the vanity of his people, while it appealed to their higher qualities. His generosity and confidence, albeit verging on the theatrical, captivated men who are always taken by a "coup," whether of state or stage. His occasional vengeance, not so much for injury as for opposition, and the cruelty which developed itself in his religious persecutions, especially towards the close of his life, when he hoped to propitiate God by torturing his creatures, showed that if he had not the traits of the monkey, which Voltaire ascribed to his countrymen, he had some of the tiger. These personal qualities strongly developed were what enabled Francis to preserve internal peace in France during his reign, and overwhelm all opposition; for courage and capacity as great in degree, but of a different kind, might have failed to overawe the parliaments and burgesses, and to keep the still unbroken feudal nobility loyal. Had his shining talents been checked and balanced by those of a more solid character—had he even been somewhat touched by parsimony and hypocrisy—it would have been better for the nation, and probably for posterity. The expenses of his wars and of his court ruined the finances and impaired the wealth and industry of France; the example of his licentiousness corrupted the morals of court and people; his religious persecutions roused the lurking cruelty of his countrymen. He died in time, scarcely in time perhaps, to escape the direct consequences of his ambition, his vices, and his weaknesses: he bequeathed to his successors and his country a century of civil and religious warfare;

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from whose cruelty, devastations, and anarchy, the despotism of Louis the Fourteenth was a refuge.

Miss Pardoe justly observes, that it has been too much the fashion to look at the splendid qualities of Francis the First, and to overlook the vices both of the man and the monarch. We think, however, his reputation has been built upon the national type of those qualities already alluded to, and the lower theoretical standard of morality in his own and succeeding ages compared with that of our day, as much as upon the enforced servility of writers. The facts were accessible to her predecessors; it is only the judgment that was in fault: if Voltaire and other Frenchmen of the last century were terrified from passing a true opinion on French history, foreign writers were secure. It is more extraordinary that the immediate punishment of the monarch by means of his vices themselves has been overlooked. His yielding disposition to favorites, especially to women, and his love of pleasure at any cost of time or money, were his two great defects; and grievously did he pay for them. Military glory was a great object of his life: but the defeat and surrender of Pavia, the reverses and disgraces that clouded the close of his career, overshadowed the glories of Marignano, and severely punished the obstinacy and neglect which caused them. The possession of the Milanese was almost a passion with Francis: he not only lost it, but lost it disgracefully, by the cruelties and corruption which his neglect permitted. The affronts he offered to Bourbon, and the injustice he allowed his mother and his chancellor to exercise against that popular and successful soldier, were bitterly revenged by the defeat of Pavia, the captivity of Madrid, and the stain which his (politically necessary) violation of treaty and oaths left upon the honor of Francis. When it is remembered to what an extent he carried his notions of kingly prerogative and his idea of the personal supremacy of a king, we may judge how the iron entered his soul when he sank before the fortune and ability of his rebel subject.

This is Miss Pardoe's account of that striking scene; a little colored by the taste of the littérateur, but effective.

The battle had scarcely lasted throughout an hour, and already it was decided. A few feet of that field which he had confidently hoped would insure to him the undying glory of a conqueror, were all that remained to Francis; but even for these few feet he still contended gallantly. With his own hand he had cut down the Marquis de St. Angelo, the last descendant of Scanderbeg, and unhorsed the Chevalier d'Andelot, besides dealing vigorous blows upon others of less note during the earlier period of the battle; and now, when he fought rather against hope than from any anticipation of success, his aim continued as true, and his hand as steady, as though an empire still hung on the result of his prowess.

He was already bleeding profusely from three wounds, one of which had traversed his forehead and caused him acute pain, when his horse was shot under him, and he fell to the ground beside six of his assailants, all of whom had been struck down by his own sword on the same spot. Enfeebled as he was, he succeeded in disengaging himself from his dead charger; and once more leaping into the saddle of a led horse, which had been prepared in the event of such an emergency, he turned one long and regretful glance upon the chivalrous little group who had so lately formed his best bulwark, but who were now scattered over the plain in a desperate attempt to evade the troops of Bourbon; and striking his spurs into the flanks of the animal, he galloped off in the direction of the bridge across the Ticino, ignorant that former fugitives had destroyed it after they had effected their own passage. At the moment in which he made this unfortunate discovery, he was encountered by four Spanish riflemen, who at once sprang to his bridle, and prevented all further attempts at escape. Providentially they had expended their ammunition; but one of the number, fearful that a prisoner whose high rank was apparent from the richness of his costume, should elude their grasp, struck the panting horse of the king over the head with the stock of his rifle, and thus precipitated both the animal and his rider into a ditch by the wayside.

This cowardly act was scarcely accomplished, when two Spanish light-horsemen, Diégo d'Abila and Juan d'Urbiéta, arrived upon the spot; and, being struck by the extreme richness of the king's apparel, and the order of St. Michael with which he was decorated, they at once agreed that the captive was no common prize, and insisted upon their proportion of the ransom-money. The situation of Francis was perilous in the extreme, for we have already stated that the gallant and veteran Maréchal de la Palice had been wantonly murdered under precisely the same circumstances; but, as

There 's a divinity doth hedge a king,

so did that special Providence preserve the defeated monarch in this fearful crisis of his fate. Horsemen were heard approaching rapidly; the rattling of armor and the clang of weapons announced a numerous party; and in the next instant, M. de Pompérant, the friend and confidant of Bourbon, and M. de la Motte des Moyers, a gentleman of his household, at the head of a troop of men-at-arms, checked their horses beside the group. One glance sufficed to assure them both that the wounded and exhausted man, from whose brow the blood was still streaming over his glittering surcoat, was the French monarch; and, putting aside the wrangling soldiers, M. de Pompérant sprang from his horse, and threw himself at the feet of the king, beseeching him not further to endanger his existence by a resistance which was alike hopeless and desperate.

Faint and subdued alike by fatigue, suffering, and bitter feeling, Francis leant for an instant upon his sword, as if in deliberation. "Rise, sir," he said at length; "it is mockery to kneel to a captive king. I am ready to share the fate of the brave men who have fallen with me. To whom can I resign my sword?"

"The Duke de Bourbon is on the field, sire," murmured Pompérant, with averted eyes.

"Not so, sir," replied the monarch, haughtily, as he once more stood proudly erect. "This sword is that of France; it cannot be intrusted to a traitor. Rather would I die a thousand deaths than that my honor should be so sullied."

"The Viceroy of Naples, sire," was the next timid suggestion.

"So let it be," said the monarch, coldly; "he has, at least, not disgraced his own. To M. de Lannoy I may deliver it without shame."

This concession made, La Motte galloped back to the field, to announce the surrender of the French king, and to summon the Neapolitan viceroy; not omitting at the same time to spread the welcome intelligence as he went, and to inquire for the Duke de Bourbon. Thus, only a brief time elapsed ere large bodies of men were on their way to the spot, where Francis, still attended by Pompérant and guarded by the six troopers, remained calmly awaiting their arrival. The first general who reached it was the Marquis del Guasto, who approached the monarch with an air of respectful deference; to which Francis replied with a courtesy as dignified as it was frank; immediately addressing him by name, and expressing a hope that he had escaped unhurt. The immediate care of the marquis was to disperse the crowd of soldiers who were rapidly collecting about the person of the king; after which he resumed his position, a little in the rear on his right hand; and after the hesitation of a moment, Francis, with a faint smile and a steady voice, again spoke.

"I have one favor to claim at your hands, M. del Guasto," he said. "Fortune has favored your master, and I must submit; but I would fain pray you not to conduct me to Pavia. I could ill brook to be made a spectacle to the citizens who have suffered so much at my hands. Allow me to become, for a time at least, your own guest."

"I am at the orders of your majesty, and deeply sensible of the honor that is conferred upon me," replied the favorite of Charles. A fresh horse was then led forward; the stirrup was held by Del Guasto, bareheaded; and Francis once more mounted, and, escorted by the troop of the Spanish general, traversed the camp, in order to reach the quarters of his new host.

Medical aid was instantly procured; his wounds were dressed; and it was discovered that, in addition to the hurts which he had received, his cuirass was indented in several places by balls, one of which had been so well aimed, and had entered so deeply into the metal, that his life had only been preserved by a relic which he wore suspended from a gold chain about his neck, and against which the force of the ball had expended itself.

The operations of the surgeons were scarcely completed ere the Marquis de Pescara entered the tent; who saluted the King coldly but respectfully, and he was shortly followed by Lannoy, to whom Francis, with the mien rather of a conqueror than a captive, at once tendered his sword. The viceroy bent his knee as he received it; and having deferentially kissed the hand by which it was tendered, immediately presented the king with another weapon. The next general who appeared was Bourbon, still in complete armor, with his visor closed, and carrying his reeking sword unsheathed in his hand. As he approached, the king inquired his name; to which Pescara replied that it was Charles of Bourbon; upon which Francis stepped a pace backward, as if to avoid his contact, and Pescara advancing at the same moment, demanded the duke's sword. Bourbon at once delivered it up; and then raising his visor, cast himself upon his knees before Francis, and humbly craved permission to kiss the royal hand. The indignant monarch coldly and proudly refused to receive this act of homage; and his scorn so deeply wounded the ex-connétable, that he exclaimed, bitterly, and almost reproachfully, "Ah, sir, had you but followed my advice, you had never been here and thus; nor so much of the best blood of France reeking upon the plains of Italy."

For a moment Francis fixed his eyes sternly upon the prostrate figure before him, and then raising them to heaven, he said impatiently, "Patience—only grant me patience, since fortune has deserted me——"

This trying interview was terminated by Pescara, who intimated to the king that he must within an hour hold himself in readiness to mount, as he should have the honor of escorting him to Pavia before nightfall. The lip of the monarch quivered for a second, and his cheek blenched, but he was too proud to reiterate a request which had been disregarded; and the Imperialist generals had no sooner withdrawn than he occupied himself in writing to his mother the celebrated letter which has been so often declared to have consisted only of the brief and emphatic sentence, "Madame, tout est perdu fors l'honneur;" but which Sismondi affirms, on the authority of a MS. chronicle of Nicaise Ladam, King-at-arms of Charles V., and the parliamentary registers of the 10th of November, to have been as wordy and diffuse as his ordinary epistles, and to have merely contained a version of the phrase of which modern historians have represented it entirely to consist.

Miss Pardoe's style varies a good deal with its subject. To the philosophy of politics or government she cannot rise; and her narrative of tactics and strategy is none of the clearest. She is more at home in individual exploits, tales of gallantry, or courtly scenes and processions; but she sometimes injures these by the arts of the fictionist, and introduces dialogues that could not have been reported, as if she were writing an historical romance. That she does not always invent the speeches or conversations she uses, is nothing to the purpose, when they suggest the idea of obvious untruth, or flatten the force and dignity of the character. The knighting of Francis by Bayard, after the battle of Marignano, is an example. The points in the speech of the knight is all that were required.

On the Friday evening, the same upon which this letter was written, the whole camp was loud with rejoicing, and the bearing of each separate leader was warmly discussed; when it was generally admitted that Bayard was the hero of the two days, as he had ever been in the field of honor; and Francis himself was so fully impressed with the same conviction, that before the night set in, he resolved, previously to creating knights with his own hand, to receive knighthood himself at that of Bayard: the romantic tastes in which he loved to indulge having caused him to overlook the fact that every n march of France was necessarily understood to be a knight even from the cradle.

Nevertheless, the ceremony must have been an imposing one, as the young king stood upon the battle-field where he had subdued his enemies, in the midst of the brave and devoted chivalry of a great nation: the dead, who had fallen in his cause, yet unearthed; the living, who had fought beside him, still at their post; the gallant men who survived the conflict marshalled about him, girding with their strength the proud group clustered about their

youthful and fearless and victorious sovereign; the banners of their beloved France streaming upon the air, and the weapons which had so well and so recently done their duty gleaming on all sides; feathers streaming, proud war-horses champing the bit, and the artillery-men leaning upon their guns, now dark and silent.

Mistaken as the act may have been, and worse than supererogatory in a powerful monarch, the scene must nevertheless have been one to make high hearts leap, and bold brows flush, as Francis called Bayard to his side, and, with the noble and endearing courtesy familiar to him, declared his intention of being there and then knighted, by the hand of a warrior esteemed one of the most renowned not only of his own nation but of all Christendom; and despite the disclaimers of his astonished subject, he persisted in his determination.

"In good sooth, sire," then exclaimed Bayard, who would have held further objections to the command of his sovereign as discourteous and irreverent, "since it is your royal pleasure that this should be, I am ready to perform your will, not once, but many times, unworthy as I am of the high office to which you have appointed me;" and grasping his sword proudly and firmly, he continued, as the young king bent his knee, "May my poor agency be as efficacious as though the ceremony were performed by Oliver, Godfrey, or Baldwin; although, in good truth, you are the first prince whom I have ever dubbed a knight; and God grant that you may never turn your back upon an enemy." Then brandishing his good weapon, and glancing sportively at it, as the last rays of evening flashed upon his polished blade, he apostrophized it as though it were a thing of life, which could participate in his own hilarity of spirit, exclaiming, "Thou art fortunate indeed to-day, that thou hast been called upon to confer knighthood upon so great and powerful a monarch; and certes, my trusty sword, thou shalt henceforth be carefully guarded as a relic, honored above all others; and shalt never be unsheathed again, save it be against the Infidel!" Then, lowering the point with reverence, he thrust it back into its scabbard, amid the enthusiastic shouts of the excited army.

We end our quotations with the close of the career of Francis himself; in which, indeed, is also to be read the moral of his life: for he died at little more than fifty, the victim of his own excesses.

The flame and the wheel were still in full operation in France, when, in January, 1547, news arrived at St. Germain-en-Laye, where the court was then sojourning, of the death of Henry VIII.; an event which produced the most fatal effect alike upon the moral and physical temperament of the French king. He had long indulged a hope that Henry, whose rupture with the Emperor had rendered it necessary for him to strengthen his position, would be desirous of entering into a closer alliance with himself; while at the same time the similarity, not only of their ages, but also in many respects of their several characters, combined with a consciousness that the disease under which he was then suffering was daily becoming more virulent, filled him with alarm. He felt a conviction that his own end was approaching; and he became nervous and depressed. He commanded that a solemn funeral service should be performed at the cathedral of Notre Dame in honor of the deceased monarch; a ceremony which took place with great pomp; and then, in order to divert the melancholy that was rapidly gaining upon him, accompanied by a slow fever, which robbed him of all rest, Francis, who could no longer brook a moment of inaction, removed to La Muette, a country-house which he had recently embellished, on the borders of the forest of St. Germain. There he sojourned for a whole week; but his mind was in so unsettled a state that he could not long remain upon one spot; and he accordingly repaired to Villepreux; where an increase of his fever induced him to travel the following day to Dampierre, near Chevreuse; and thence he pursued his way in order to pass the period of Lent at Limours. Throughout the whole of this time he was accompanied by the court; but even his favorites now sought in vain to arouse him from the lethargy into which he was rapidly falling. Nowhere could he find peace; and after having spent three days at Limours, he once more removed to Rochefort, where he endeavored to amuse himself by hunting. To this violent exercise, however, his strength was no longer equal; and every evening his fever increased to a degree which alarmed those about him so greatly that they urged his return to St. Germain-en-Laye.

After some difficulty, the physicians succeeded in obtaining his consent to this measure, by representing that he could travel slowly, and indulge in his favorite pursuit by the way; and he accordingly left Rochefort for Rambouillet, where he had decided to remain only one night; but the game proved so plentiful, and the sport so exciting, that he was induced to change his resolution. Two or three days were consequently spent in field sports, in which once more Catharine de Medici participated; but the fever of the king, which had hitherto been intermittent, became, by reason of this perpetual exertion, continuous; and his malady increased so rapidly that it was found impossible for him to proceed further.

Once apprized of his danger, Francis summoned the dauphin to his sick bed, and conversed with him at intervals for several hours; giving him the most wholesome advice concerning the future government of the kingdom over which he must so soon be called upon to rule; and consequently, like many other monarchs, he, in this supreme moment, gainsaid in almost every particular the system which he had himself pursued. He recommended him to diminish the public taxes under which the nation was then groaning; to be guided in all things by the Cardinal de Tournon and the Admiral d'Annebaut; and, above all, to exclude from his confidence the Connétable de Montmorenci and the family of the Duke de Guise. He then received the sacraments of the church; and his persecutions of the Protestants had apparently convinced him so thoroughly of his own salvation, that he expired peacefully, while the ashes of his victims were still floating between earth and heaven.

From the Spectator.

HERMAN MELVILLE'S REDBURN.*

MR. MELVILLE'S present work is even more remarkable than his stories "founded on fact"

*Redburn: his First Voyage. Being the Sailor-Boy Confessions and Reminiscences of the Son of a Gentleman in the Merchant Service. By Herman Melville, author of "Typee," "Omoo," and "Mardi." In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Published by Bentley.

descriptive of native scenery and life in the islands of the Pacific. In *Typee* and *Omoo* there was novelty and interest of subject. Everything was fresh and vigorous in the manners of the people, the character of the country and its vegetation; there were rapidity, variety, and adventure in the story, with enough of nautical character to introduce the element of contrast. In *Redburn, his First Voyage*, there are none of these sources of attraction; yet, with the exception of some chapters descriptive of common-place things, the book is very readable and attractive. It has not the reality, or more properly the veracity, of Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*, nor the comprehensiveness and truthfulness of delineation which distinguish some of Cooper's novels that only aim at a simple exhibition of a sea life without strange adventures or exciting dangers: *Redburn*, though merely the narrative of a voyage from New York to Liverpool and back, with a description of the characters of officers and crew, is, however, a book both of information and interest. We get a good idea of life at sea, as it appears at first to the boy novice and afterwards to the more experienced seaman. The hardships and privations of the crew, the petty tyranny, the pettier greatness, with the tricks and frauds practised in a common merchant vessel on the raw hands, are well exhibited, without exaggeration. As Redburn sails in a vessel that carries passengers as well as cargo, the evils resulting from the indifferent regulations of emigration ships, and the practical disregard at sea of such regulations as exist, are exhibited in a scarcity among the poor emigrants, the effect of a slow passage, and in a fever produced by the scantiness and quality of the diet. Mr. Melville's character as an American is also a source of variety. The scenes on shore at New York, in the pawnbroker's and other places, indicate that the Atlantic cities of the Union are not much freer from vice and profligacy, if they are indeed from distress, than the seaports of Europe. At Liverpool many things are fresh to the American that are common to us, or which we ignore without intending it—as the low haunts and lodging-houses of sailors.

The plan of the book is well designed to bring out its matter effectively; though the position and reputed character of Redburn as "the son of a gentleman," contrived apparently for the sake of contrast and the display of a quiet humor, is not always consistently maintained. At the commencement of the book, Redburn's father is dead, the family reduced, and the hero is cast upon the world to choose a means of living. His father's travels, some sea pieces, and a real glass ship in a glass case, (all rather tediously described,) combine with the enthusiasm and ignorance of youth to determine him to the sea; and he starts for New York, with enough money to pay his passage thither, a letter to a friend, and a gun, the gift of his elder brother, who had nothing else to bestow upon him. The friend furnishes Redburn with a day's board and lodging, and gets him a ship, the captain taking him at low wages; he vainly tries to sell his gun, and has at last to pawn it; his wardrobe is none of the amplest, and by no means adapted to marine work; he is utterly ignorant of all that relates to the sea, the ship, or the service. The idea of throwing a simple and innocent-minded lad, just fresh from home, into the midst of the roughness, rudeness, and startling novelty of a ship, may be found in *Peter Simple;* but the circumstances of poor Redburn are so different from those of the well-connected midshipman, and the nautical incidents and characters have so little in common, that the story has the effect of originality. The quiet humor arising from the contrast between the frame of mind of the boy and his position and circumstances, as well as the sharp reflections his freshness and home education induce him to make, bear some resemblance in point of style to Marryat; but it may arise from the nature of the subject.

There is nothing very striking in the incidents of *Redburn*—nothing, in fact, beyond the common probabilities of the merchant service in almost every vessel that sails between Great Britain and America; the characters, or something like them, may doubtless be met in almost every ship that leaves harbor. Nor does Mr. Melville aim at effect by melodramatic exaggeration, except once in an episodical trip to London: on the contrary, he indicates several things, leaving the filling up to the reader's imagination, instead of painting scenes in detail, that a vulgar writer would certainly have done. The interest of *Redburn* arises from its quiet naturalness. It reads like a "true story"—as if it had all taken place.

The best idea of the book, however, is obtained by extracts. The following are among the hero's earlier experiences.

By the time I got back to the ship, everything was in an uproar. The pea-jacket man was there, ordering about a good many men in the rigging; and people were bringing off chickens and pigs and beef and vegetables from the shore. Soon after, another man, in a striped calico shirt, a short blue jacket, and beaver hat, made his appearance, and went to ordering about the man in the big pea-jacket; and at last the captain came up the side, and began to order about both of them.

These two men turned out to be the first and second mates of the ship.

Thinking to make friends with the second mate, I took out an old tortoise-shell snuff-box of my father's, in which I put a piece of Cavendish tobacco, to look sailor-like, and offered the box to him very politely. He stared at me a moment, and then exclaimed, "Do you think we take snuff aboard here, youngster? no, no, no time for snuff-taking at sea; don't let the 'old man' see that snuff-box; take my advice, and pitch it overboard as quick as you can."

I told him it was not snuff but tobacco; when he said, he had plenty of tobacco of his own, and never carried any such nonsense about him as a tobacco-box. With that he went off about his business, and left me feeling foolish enough. But I had reason to be glad that he had acted thus; for if he had not, I think I should have offered my box to the chief mate, who, in that case, from what I after-

ward learned of him, would have knocked me down, or done something else equally uncivil.

As I was standing looking around me, the chief mate approached in a great hurry about something; and seeing me in the way, cried out, "Ashore with you, you young loafer! There 's no stealings here; sail away, I tell you, with that shooting-jacket!"

Upon this I retreated, saying that I was going out in the ship as a sailor.

"A sailor!" he cried; "a barber's clerk, you mean: you going out in the ship! what, in that jacket! Hang me, I hope the old man has n't been shipping any more greenhorns like you—he 'll make a shipwreck of it, if he has. But this is the way nowadays; to save a few dollars in seamen's wages, they think nothing of shipping a parcel of farmers and clodhoppers and baby-boys. What 's your name, Pillgarlic?"

"Redburn," said I.

"A pretty handle to a man, that!—scorch you to take hold of it; hav' n't you got any other?"

"Wellingborough," said I.

"Worse yet. Who had the baptizing of ye? Why did n't they call you Jack, or Jill, or something short and handy? But I 'll baptize you over again. D' ye hear, sir, henceforth your name is Buttons. And now do you go, Buttons, and clean out that pig-pen in the long-boat; it has not been cleaned out since last voyage. And bear a hand about it, d' ye hear; there 's them pigs there waiting to be put in: come, be off about it, now."

Was this, then, the beginning of my sea career? set to cleaning out a pig-pen the very first thing!

But I thought it best to say nothing; I had bound myself to obey orders, and it was too late to retreat. So I only asked for a shovel, or spade, or something else to work with.

"We don't dig gardens here," was the reply; "dig it out with your teeth."

After looking around, I found a stick, and went to scraping out the pen; which was awkward work enough. * * *

The pig-pen being cleaned out, I was set to work picking up some shavings which lay about the deck, for there had been carpenters at work on board. The mate ordered me to throw these shavings into the long-boat at a particular place between two of the seats. But as I found it hard work to push the shavings through in that place, and as it looked wet there, I thought it would be better for the shavings as well as myself to thrust them where there was a larger opening and a dry spot. While I was thus employed, the mate, observing me, exclaimed, with an oath, "Did n't I tell you to put those shavings somewhere else? Do what I tell you, now, Buttons, or mind your eye!"

Stifling my indignation at his rudeness, which by this time I found was my only plan, I replied, that that was not so good a place for the shavings as that which I myself had selected; and asked him to tell me *why* he wanted me to put them in the place he designated. Upon this he flew into a terrible rage, and without explanation reiterated his order like a clap of thunder.

This was my first lesson in the discipline of the sea, and I never forgot it. From that time I learned that sea-officers never give reasons for anything they order to be done. It is enough that they command it; so that the motto is, "Obey orders, though you break owners."

This account of a first adventure aloft is a piece of truthful and powerful description.

It happened on the second night out of port during the middle watch, when the sea was quite calm and the breeze was mild.

The order was given to loose the main-skysail, which is the fifth and highest sail from deck. It was a very small sail, and from the forecastle looked no bigger than a cambric pocket-handkerchief. * * *

Now, when the order was passed to loose the skysail, an old Dutch sailor came up to me and said, "Buttons, my boy, it 's high time you be doing something; and it 's boy's business, Buttons, to loose de royals, and not old men's business, like me. Now, d' ye see dat little fellow way up dare? dare, just behind dem stars, dare? well, tumble up now, Buttons, I zay, and looze him; way you go, Buttons."

All the rest joining in, and seeming unanimous in the opinion that it was high time for me to be stirring myself and doing boy's business, as they called it, I made no more ado, but jumped into the rigging. Up I went, not daring to look down, but keeping my eyes glued, as it were, to the shrouds, as I ascended.

It was a long road up those stairs, and I began to pant and breathe hard before I was half way; but I kept at it till I got to the Jacob's ladder—and they may well call it so, for it took me almost into the clouds; and at last, to my own amazement, I found myself hanging on the skysail-yard, holding on might and main to the mast, and curling my feet round the rigging as if they were another pair of hands.

For a few moments I stood awe-stricken and mute. I could not see far out upon the ocean, owing to the darkness of the night; and from my lofty perch the sea looked like a great black gulf, hemmed in all round by beetling black cliffs. I seemed all alone; treading the midnight clouds; and every second expected to find myself falling—falling—falling, as I have felt when the nightmare has been on me.

I could but just perceive the ship below me, like a long, narrow plank in the water; and it did not seem to belong at all to the yard over which I was hanging. A gull, or some sort of sea-fowl, was flying round the truck over my head, within a few yards of my face; and it almost frightened me to hear it, it seemed so much like a spirit, at such a lofty and solitary height.

Though there was a pretty smooth sea and little wind, yet at this extreme elevation the ship's motion was very great; so that when the ship rolled one way, I felt something as a fly must feel walking the ceiling; and when it rolled the other way, I felt as if I was hanging along a slanting pine-tree.

But presently I heard a distant hoarse noise from below; and though I could not make out anything intelligible, I knew it was the mate hurrying me. So in a nervous, trembling desperation, I went to casting off the gaskets or lines tying up the sail; and when all was ready, sung out as I had been told, to "hoist away." And hoist they did, and me too along with the yard and sail; for I had no time to get off, they were so unexpectedly quick about it. It seemed like magic: there I was, going up higher and higher; the yard rising under me as if it were alive, and no soul in sight. Without knowing it at the time, I was in a good deal of danger; but it was so dark that I could not see well enough to feel afraid—at least on that account, though I felt frightened enough in a promiscuous way. I only held on hard, and made good the say-

ing of old sailors, that the last person to fall overboard from the rigging is a landsman, because he grips the ropes so fiercely; whereas old tars are less careful, and sometimes pay the penalty.

After this feat I got down rapidly on deck, and received something like a compliment from Max the Dutchman.

Some of the occurrences give rise to reflections or suggestions on nautical matters; and there are some terrible pictures of vice and poverty in Liverpool, pointed by contrast with the American's experience at home, where absolute death by hunger and privation (the Americans say) cannot occur. We will, however, take a different sample to close with—a case of spontaneous combustion.

Of the three newly-shipped men, who in a state of intoxication had been brought on board at the dock-gates, (at Liverpool,) two were able to be engaged at their duties in four or five hours after quitting the pier; but the third man yet lay in his bunk, in the self-same posture in which his limbs had been adjusted by the crimp who had deposited him there.

His name was down on the ship's papers as Miguel Saveda; and for Miguel Saveda the chief mate at last came forward, shouting down the forecastle-scuttle, and commanding his instant presence on deck: but the sailors answered for their new comrade, giving the mate to understand that Miguel was still fast locked in his trance, and could not obey him; when, muttering his usual imprecation, the mate retired to the quarter-deck.

This was in the first dog-watch, from four to six in the evening. At about three bells in the next watch, Max the Dutchman, who like most old seamen was something of a physician in cases of drunkenness, recommended that Miguel's clothing should be removed, in order that he should lie more comfortably: but Jackson, who would seldom let anything be done in the forecastle that was not proposed by himself, capriciously forbade this proceeding.

So the sailor still lay out of sight in his bunk, which was in the extreme angle of the forecastle behind the bowsprit-bitts—two stout timbers rooted in the ship's keel. An hour or two afterwards, some of the men observed a strange odor in the forecastle, which was attributed to the presence of some dead rat among the hollow spaces in the side planks: for, some days before, the forecastle had been smoked out, to extirpate the vermin overrunning her. At midnight, the larboard watch, to which I belonged, turned out; and instantly, as every man woke, he exclaimed at the now intolerable smell, supposed to be heightened by the shaking up of the bilge-water from the ship's rolling.

"Blast that rat!" cried the Greenlander.

"He 's blasted already," said Jackson, who in his drawers had crossed over to the bunk of Miguel. "It 's a water-rat, shipmates, that 's dead; and here he is;" and with that he dragged forth the sailor's arm, exclaiming, "Dead as a timberhead!"

Upon this the men rushed toward the bunk, Max with the light, which he held to the man's face.

"No, he 's not dead," he cried, as the yellow flame wavered for a moment at the seaman's motionless mouth: but hardly had the words escaped, when, to the silent horror of all, two threads of greenish fire, like a forked tongue, darted out between the lips; and in a moment the cadaverous face was crawled over by a swarm of wormlike flames.

The lamp dropped from the hand of Max, and went out; while, covered all over with spires and sparkles of flame that faintly crackled in the silence the uncovered parts of the body burned before us, precisely like a phosphorescent shark in a midnight sea.

The eyes were open and fixed, the mouth was curled like a scroll, and every lean feature firm as in life; while the whole face, now wound in curls of soft blue flame, wore an aspect of grim defiance and eternal death—Prometheus, blasted by fire on the rock.

One arm, its red shirt-sleeve rolled up, exposed the man's name, tattooed in vermilion, near the hollow of the middle joint; and as if there was something peculiar in the painted flesh, every vibrating letter burned so bright that you might read the flaming name in the flickering ground of blue.

"Where 's that damned Miguel?" was now shouted down among us from the scuttle by the mate, who had just come on deck, and was determined to have every man up that belonged to his watch.

"He 's gone to the harbor where they never weigh anchor," coughed Jackson. "Come you down, sir, and look."

Thinking that Jackson intended to beard him, the mate sprang down in a rage; but recoiled at the burning body, as if he had been shot by a bullet. "My God!" he cried, and stood holding fast to the ladder.

"Take hold of it," said Jackson at last to the Greenlander; "it must go overboard. Don't stand shaking there like a dog; take hold of it, I say; But stop;" and smothering it all in the blankets, he pulled it partly out of the bunk.

A few minutes more, and it fell with a bubble among the phosphorescent sparkles of the damp night sea, leaving a corruscating wake as it sank.

This event thrilled me through and through with unspeakable horror; nor did the conversation of the watch during the next four hours on deck at all serve to soothe me.

But what most astonished me, and seemed most incredible, was the infernal opinion of Jackson, that the man had been actually dead when brought on board the ship; and that knowingly, and merely for the sake of the month's advance, paid into his hand upon the strength of the bill he presented, the body-snatching crimp had knowingly shipped a corpse on board of the Highlander under the pretence of its being a live body in a drunken trance. And I heard Jackson say, that he had known of such things having been done before: but that a really dead body ever burned in that manner, I cannot even yet believe. But the sailors seemed familiar with such things; or at least with the stories of such things having happened to others.

From the Spectator.

M'LEAN'S TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN THE HUDSON'S BAY TERRITORY.*

MR. M'LEAN entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1820–'21, when it had just been strengthened by a coalition with its rival, the North-western Company. With the exception of a five or six months' trip to England in 1842–'43, he continued actively engaged in the service for a

* Notes of a Twenty-five Years' Service in the Hudson's Bay Territory. By John M'Lean. In two volumes. Published by Bentley.

quarter of a century. In spite of promises, he passed the greater part of that time in an inferior position; the range of his service extending from Labrador and the shores of Hudson's Bay to New Caledonia on the further side of the Rocky Mountains, amid the head waters of Fraser's river, and from the boundaries of the United States to beyond the 60th degree of latitude, on the banks of the Mackenzie river. After some twenty years' service, and, as he alleges, unfair treatment in delaying his promotion, Mr. M'Lean was appointed a chief trader; the income from which post in 1841, was 120*l.* per annum. Even this fortune was not enjoyed in comfort. He was hardly treated by Governor Simpson, and in fact degraded, being superseded in a district to which he was appointed; he therefore resigned, in 1844.

Not much of new geographical information is furnished by Mr. M'Lean's volumes, except as regards the interior of Labrador; in that country he was stationed for several years, and he explored it from Esquimaux Bay in the Straits of Belleisle to the Bay of Ungava. The chief value of the book consists in its picture of life in the Hudson's Bay service—the hardships to be undergone, the privations to be endured, the dangers to be encountered in the conduct of the everyday business of the company, in a region where a journey involves an irksome and riskful navigation, a laborious portage, in winter excessive cold, and in summer great heats with frequent attacks of mosquitoes and other insects. In the remoter districts, bodily hardships are not alone to be encountered. The passions of the intoxicated or superstitious and sometimes the justly-provoked Indian, are to be met by a ready resolution and a high hand; which, however, are sometimes possessed in vain, and the Company's servants fall victims to violence or treachery. Yet such is the ennui in the dreary solitude or monotonous routine of the "forts" or stations in the higher latitudes of the interior, that hardship and danger are welcomed as reliefs from the blank tædium vitæ in the Hudson's Bay territory.

When all this is considered, it may fairly be a matter of wonder that persons with great energy, a capital constitution, since no others could stand the service, and some education, without which they could not discharge its duties, are readily found to embark in such an employ. The first reason probably is, that they are "caught young." The second, that delusive notions are entertained of the service. The "liberality" of the Company has been a standing theme with British and American travellers, who have only seen the principal forts, or whose reception has been prepared for in consequence of official orders and when the travellers have been known to contemplate print. Hence, the Company have had a higher reputation for the good living to be found in their service, the comparative easiness of the life, and the general liberality of their treatment, than late inquiries would seem to show that they deserve. The brother of the Arctic discoverer Simpson left the service in disgust; and infused many complaints of his own ill-usage and that of others into the Life of his brother, with rather fierce attacks upon Governor Simpson; but there was a tone about his style that induced mistrust. Mr. Fitzgerald lately examined the history and general character of the Company; testing their professions and conduct by scattered rays of evidence; and left an ill impression as the result of his inquiry. Mr. M'Lean comes with a particular narrative of his own hard treatment, various statements of partiality and injustice as regards other officers, and an account of the Company's neglect of the moral and physical wellbeing of the Indians, and their opposition to *Protestant* missionaries, all which contrasts remarkably with the panegyrics we have so frequently heard. These, indeed, are only explainable on the consideration we just threw out—that the favorable reports originated with writers who visited only the principal or show places, and got about as true an idea of the state of affairs at the lesser interior stations as a traveller in Russia, escorted by the imperial authorities, would have of the true state of things there. Some allowance is to be made for the fact that Mr. M'Lean is smarting under the sense of long neglect—of, as he alleges, an unfair preference to favored rivals, and a long course of ill-treatment; but many of the facts hardly admit of color, and do not refer to himself.

Any judgment on these controversial matters, however, is best formed by a perusal of the volumes. Our extracts will chiefly relate to the adventurous part of the narrative. The following is an example of the unpleasantnesses to which the Hudson's Bay "travellers" are exposed.

I had a still more narrow escape in the month of March ensuing. I had been on a visit to the post under my own immediate charge, termed head-quarters par excellence; returning to the post alone, I came to a place where our men, in order to avoid a long detour occasioned by a high and steep hill coming close to the river, were accustomed to draw their sledges upon the ice along the edge of a rapid. About the middle of the rapid, where the torrent is fiercest, the banks of the river are formed of rocks rising almost perpendicularly from the water's edge; and here they had to pass on a narrow ledge of ice, between the rock on the one side and the foaming and boiling surge on the other. The ledge, at no time very broad, was now reduced, by the falling in of the water, to a strip of ice of about eighteen inches or little more, adhering to the rock. The ice, however, seemed perfectly solid, and I made no doubt that with caution I should succeed in passing safely this formidable strait.

The weather having been very mild in the fore part of the day, my shoes and socks had been saturated with wet, but were now frozen hard by the cold of the approaching night. Overlooking this circumstance, I attempted the dangerous passage; and had proceeded about half-way, when my foot slipped, and I suddenly found myself resting with one hip on the border of ice, while the rest of my body overhung the rapid rushing fearfully underneath. I was now literally in a state of agonizing suspense: to regain my footing was impossible; even the attempt to move might precipitate me into the rapid.

My first thought indeed was to throw myself in,

and endeavor by swimming to reach the solid ice that bridged the river a short distance below; a glance at the torrent convinced me that this was a measure too desperate to be attempted: I should have been dashed against the ice, or hurried beneath it by the current. But my time was not yet come. Within a few feet of the spot where I was thus suspended *in sublimis*, the rock projected a little outward, so as to break the force of the current. It struck me that a new border of ice might be formed at this place, under and parallel to that on which I was perched: exploring cautiously, therefore, with a stick which I fortunately had in my hand, all along and beneath me, I found my conjecture well founded; but whether the ice were strong enough to bear me, I could not ascertain. But it was my only hope of deliverance: letting myself down therefore, gently, I planted my feet on the lower ledge, and, clinging with the tenacity of a shell-fish to the upper, I crept slowly along till I reached land.

Familiarity, if it does not always breed contempt, at least diminishes surprise. When some of the geological conclusions respecting the vegetable and animal remains were promulgated, they seemed so strange as to induce the idea of a totally different state of things—an unnatural nature, as it were. More extensive observation of causes in actual operation with reference to geological phenomena, have lessened the feeling, by showing that similar occurrences are taking place contemporaneously, if upon a less scale. This land-slip is an example.

As we ascended the river, the scenery became beautifully diversified with hill and dale and wooded valleys, through which there generally flowed streams of limpid water. I observed at one place a tremendous land-slip, caused by the water undermining the soil. Trees were seen in an inverted position, the branches sunk in the ground and the roots uppermost; others with only the branches appearing above ground; the earth rent and intersected by chasms extending in every direction: while piles of earth and stones, intermixed with shattered limbs and trunks of trees, contributed to increase the dreadful confusion of the scene. The half of a huge hill had tumbled into the river and dammed it across, so that no water escaped for some time. The people of Dunvegan, seeing the river suddenly dry up, were terrified by the phenomenon; but they had not much time to investigate the cause: the river as suddenly reäppeared, presenting a front of nearly twenty feet in height, and foaming and rushing down with a noise of thunder.

The following passage of the Peace River through the Rocky Mountains is curious from the circumstance of the stream being navigable; in such situations it is generally too precipitous for use.

The Rocky Mountains came in view on the 8th October, and we reached the portage bearing their name on the 10th; the crossing of which took us eight days, being fully thirteen miles in length, and excessively bad road, leading sometimes through swamps and morasses, then ascending and descending steep hills, and for at least one third of the distance so obstructed by fallen trees as to render it all but impassable. I consider the passage of this portage the most laborious duty the Company's servants have to perform in any part of the territory; and, as the voyageurs say, "He that passes it with his share of a canoe's cargo may call himself a man." * * *

After passing the portage, the Rocky Mountains reared their snow-clad summits all around us, presenting a scene of gloomy grandeur that had nothing cheering in it. One scene, however, struck me as truly sublime. As we proceeded onward, the mountains pressed closer on the river, and at one place approached so near that the gap seemed to have been made by the river forcing a passage through them. We passed in our canoes at the base of precipices that rose almost perpendicularly above us on either side to the height of 3,000 or 4,000 feet! After passing through these magnificent portals, the mountains recede to a considerable distance; the space intervening between them and the river being a flat, yielding timber of a larger growth than I expected to find in such a situation.

Mr. M'Lean's station in Labrador was an experiment made with the view of discovering whether the country had sufficient fur-bearing animals to justify the establishment of a series of posts. Independently of his own adventures, Mr. M'Lean gives some account of Governor Simpson's obstinacy and mismanagement, and the beneficial effects to the Company from his own advice; but we will pass these for a hairbreadth escape by sea.

After seeing my couriers off, I left Mr. Erlandson with two men to share his solitude, and reached the sea without experiencing any adventure worth notice. Proceeding along the coast, I was induced one evening by the flattering appearance of the weather to attempt the passage of a deep bay; which being accomplished, there was little danger of being delayed afterwards by stress of weather. This step I soon had cause to repent. The sea hitherto presented a smooth surface; not a breath of wind was felt, and the stars shone out brightly. A few clouds began to appear on the horizon; and the boat began to rise and fall with the heaving of the sea. Understanding what these signs portended, we immediately pulled for the shore; but had scarcely altered our course when the stars disappeared, a tremendous noise struck upon our ears from seaward, and the storm was upon us. In the impenetrable obscurity of the night not a trace of land could be discovered; but we continued to ply our oars, while each succeeding billow threatened immediate destruction.

The horrors of our situation increased: the man on the look-out called out that he saw breakers ahead in every direction; and escape appeared to be next to impossible. My crew of Scottish Islanders, however, continued their painful exertions without evincing by a murmur the apprehensions they must have felt. The crisis was now at hand. We approached so near to the breakers that it was impossible to avoid them; and the men lay on their oars, expecting the next moment would be their last.

In such a situation the thoughts of even the most depraved naturally carry them beyond the limits of time; and by these thoughts, I believe, the soul of every one was absorbed; yet the men lost not their presence of mind. Suddenly, the voice of the look-out was heard amid the roar of the breakers, calling our attention to a dark breach in the line of foam that stretched out before us, which he fancied to be a channel between the rocks. A few desperate strokes brought us to the spot; when, to our

unspeakable joy, we found it to answer the man's conjecture; but so narrow was the passage that the oars on both sides of the boat struck the rocks; a minute afterwards we found ourselves becalmed and in safety. The boat being moored, and the men ordered to watch by turns, we lay down to sleep as we best could, supperless, and without having tasted food since early dawn.

A good many sketches of the various tribes of Indians are scattered through the book; of which we will spare room for one, descriptive of an entertainment by the Indians of New Caledonia, for the germs it contains of lyric and dramatic poetry.

In the beginning of the winter we were invited to a feast held in honor of a great chief, who died some years before. The person who delivered the invitation stalked into the room with an air of vast consequence, and strewing our heads with down, pronounced the name of the presiding chief, and withdrew without uttering another syllable. To me the invitation was most acceptable; although I had heard much of Indian feasts, I never was present at any.

Late in the evening we directed our steps towards the "banqueting-house," a large hut temporarily erected for the occasion. We found the numerous guests assembled and already seated round "the festive board;" our place had been left vacant for us; Mr. Dease taking his seat next to the great chief Quaw, and we, his Meewidiyazees, (little chiefs,) in succession. The company were disposed in two rows; the chiefs and elders being seated next the wall, formed the outer, and the young men the inner row; an open space of about three feet in breadth intervening between them. Immense quantities of roasted meat, bear, beaver, siffleu or marmot, were piled up at intervals, the whole length of the building; berries mixed up with rancid salmon oil, fish-roe that had been buried under ground a twelvemonth, in order to give it an *agreeable* flavor, were the good things presented at this feast of gluttony and flow of oil. The berry mixture and roes were served in wooden troughs, each having a large wooden spoon attached to it. The enjoyments of the festival were ushered in with a song, in which all joined:—

I approach the village,
Ya ha he ha, ya ha ha ha;
And hear the voices of many people,
Ya ha, &c.
The barking of dogs,
Ya ha, &c.
Salmon is plentiful,
Ya ha, &c.
The berry season is good,
Ya ha, &c.

* * * *

The gormandizing contest ended as it began, with songs and dances; in the latter amusement, however, few were now able to join. Afterwards ensued a rude attempt at dramatic representation. Old Quaw, the chief of Neckaslay, first appeared on the stage, in the character of a bear—an animal he was well qualified to personate. Rushing from his den, and growling fiercely, he pursued the huntsman, the chief of Babine portage, who defended himself with a long pole; both parties maintained a running fight, until they reached the far end of the building, where they made their exit. Enter afterwards a jealous husband and his wife, wearing masks (both being men). The part these acted appeared rather dull; the husband merely sat down by the side of his "frail rib," watching her motions closely, and neither allowing her to speak to nor look at any of the young men. As to the other characters, one personated a deer, another a wolf, a third a strange Tsekany. The bear seemed to give the spectators most delight.

Sir Walter Scott.—A gentleman who, in the year 1826 or 1827, travelled with Sir Walter Scott in the Blucher Coach from Edinburgh to Jedburgh, relates the following anecdote illustrative of his punctilious regard for his word, and his willingness to serve all who placed confidence in him, particularly those engaged in literary pursuits:—"We had performed half the journey," writes our informant, "when Sir Walter started as from a dream, exclaiming, 'Oh, my friend G——, I have forgotten you till this moment!' A short mile brought us to a small town, where Sir Walter ordered a post chaise, in which he deposited his luggage, consisting of a well-worn short hazel stick, and a paper-parcel containing a few books; then, much to my regret, he changed his route, and returned to the Scottish capital.

"The following month I was again called to Edinburgh on business, and curiosity induced me to wait on the friend G—— apostrophized by Sir Walter, and whose friendship I had the honor to possess. The cause of Sir Walter's return, I was informed, was this:—He had engaged to furnish an article for a periodical conducted by my friend, but his promise had slipped from his memory (a most uncommon occurrence, for Sir Walter was gifted with the best of memories) until the moment of his exclamation. His instant return was the only means of retrieving the error. Retrieved, however, it was; and the following morning Mr. G—— received several sheets of closely-written manuscript, the transcribing of which alone must have occupied half the night."

The kindliness of Sir Walter's nature procured him friends—his literary genius only admirers, although certainly the warmest admirers ever author possessed. Admiration, however, was sometimes in his case not freely bestowed, and perhaps not consciously felt. He was fond of relating the following anecdote of what he called a pure and sincere compliment, being not at all intended as such, but, as the reader will perceive, meant more as reproach than praise:—Shortly after the disclosure of the authorship of the Waverly Novels, the "mighty Minstrel" called on the late Mrs. Fair of Langlea, an eccentric old lady, who had lived through more than half of the last century, and who furnished Sir Walter with many a good tale and legend of days gone by. "The old lady opened on me thus," to use his own words; "Sir Walter, I 've been lang wanting to see you. It 's no possible that ye hae been writing in novels a' thae lees? Oh dear me, dear me! I canna believe 't yet; but for a' that, I ken I ha'e seen Dandy Dinmont somewhere; and Rebecca, oh she 's a bonny, well-behaved lassie yon; but Jennie Deans I like tho best!"

"There," said the pleased baronet, "call yo that a common compliment?"

From the North British Review.

Aspects of Nature, in Different Lands and Different Climates, with Scientific Elucidations. By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. Translated by Mrs. Sabine. In 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 650.

WHEN we contemplate the natural world in our own fatherland, as seen from different stations on its surface, and at different seasons of the revolving year, it presents to us but a single aspect, however diversified be its forms, and however varied its phenomena. Like the race which occupies it, the scenery within each horizon has its family likeness, and the landscape from each spot its individual features, while the general picture of hill and dale, and heath and forest, have their similitude in the character and costume of the people. During the daily and annual revolutions of our globe, the sun sheds his varying lights and hues over the more permanent and solid forms of nature, and carries in his train those disturbing elements which give an interest to each passing hour, and invest the seasons with all the variety which characterizes them. The external world may thus lose for a while its normal aspect—what is fixed may for an instant be displaced, and what is stable subverted; but amid all the new and returning conditions of the year, whether the god of day gives or withdraws his light—whether the firmament smiles in azure or frowns in gloom—whether the lightning plays in its summer gleams, or rages in its fiery course—whether vegetation dazzles with its youthful green, or charms with its tint of age, or droops under the hoary covering of winter—under all these expressive phases of its life, nature presents to us but one aspect characteristic of the latitude under which we live, and the climate to which we belong.

The inhabitant of so limited a domain, even if he has surveyed it in all its relations, has no adequate idea of the new and striking aspects in which nature shows herself in other lands, and under other climates. Even in the regions of civilization, where her forms have, to a certain extent, been modified by art, and her creations placed in contrast with those of man, she still wears a new aspect, often startling by its novelty, and overpowering by its grandeur. To the fur-clad dweller among ice and snow, the aspects of nature in the temperate and torrid zones must be signally pleasing. The rich and luxurious productions of a genial and fervid climate, and the gay coloring of its spring and its autumn, must form a striking contrast with the scanty supplies of a frozen soil, and the sober tints of a stunted vegetation; and the serf or the savage who has prostrated himself before a petty tyrant, in his hall of wood or of clay; or the worshipper who has knelt on the sea-shore, or offered incense in the cavern or in the bush, must stand appalled before the magnificent temples of Christian or of pagan opulence, and amidst the "cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces" of civilization. Nor is the aspect of the arctic zone less curious and interesting to the southern eye. On her regions of eternal snow, which the summer sun is unable even to thaw, the tracks of commerce and the footprints of travel are unseen. The shadow of man and of beast alone variegates the winding-sheet of vegetable life; mountains of fire, and plains of sulphur, stand in curious juxtaposition to precipices of ice and accumulations of snow, and from the glacier margin of the ocean are detached the gigantic icebergs, which, drifting to the southern seas, and raising only their heads above the waves, often threaten the tempest-driven mariner with destruction. To these singular aspects of arctic nature we may add one still more singular—the one long day of light, and the one long night of darkness, which alternately cheer and depress its short-lived and apparently miserable population.

The inhabitants, both of the old and new world, who occupy populous cultivated plains, are no less startled with nature's aspect, when they enter the lofty regions of the Himalaya and the Andes, or cast their eye over the trackless deserts of Africa, or the elevated plateaus of central Asia and America, or the Patagonian desert of shingle, or the grassy Llanos of Orinoco and Venezuela, or the endless forests of the Amazons. The phases of the material world are there altogether new. Even the European, whose horizon is a circle, and the shepherd of the Landes, who is elevated on stilts in order to watch his flocks, would stand aghast in the boundless desert of Sahara, which no foliage colors, and no moisture bedews; and the crystal or the chamois hunter of the Alps, who has paced the flanks of Mont Blanc, or the peasant who slumbers at its base, would view with mute admiration the peaks of Dwalaghiri or Pinchincha; while the naturalist, who had been amused with the eruptions of Vesuvius and of Ætna, would stand unnerved beside the outbursts of Cotopaxi or Hirouæa.

Nor are these striking aspects of nature confined to the structure of the inorganic world; they are displayed to us with no inferior interest in the diversified phenomena of animal and of vegetable existence. Although organic life is universally distributed throughout the earth, the ocean, and the air, yet under different latitudes it exhibits very opposite aspects. The vital functions are nearly suspended in the gelid regions of the poles, where man is almost driven into hybernation like the brutes; while in the zones of the tropics we recognize the high pulse and the florid plethora of a rank and luxuriant existence. Within the vessels that heat has expanded, the sap of life flows with a more genial current, and the noble forms of mammiferous life bound with a light and elastic step over the thick carpet of flowers which nature annually weaves under a tropical sun and a cloudless sky.

But it is not merely on the surface of the earth, and within the aqueous and aerial oceans which cover it, that nature displays her most interesting phases. Everything that we see around us—the

soil and its productions—the jungle and its denizens—the ocean and its life, are all of modern origin. Man himself, as the representative of his race, is but an upstart in the chronicle of time. The primeval antiquities of our planet, and the records of its ancient life, lie buried in the crypts beneath us. Its history is engraven on walls of stone, in characters which long baffled his ingenuity; but the geologist and the naturalist have at last deciphered them. He whose power is infinite could have called the earth into being in the very instant which preceded the creation of man; but that power has been exercised through other agencies, and in conformity with material laws; and long cycles of years have thus been required to prepare the earth for the reception of beings intellectual and immortal. To read that history, to study these antiquities, and to contemplate with wonder and awe the subterranean aspects of nature, is a privilege which none who understands it will renounce, and a duty which none who enter upon it will decline.

The aspects of nature around us, and above us, and beneath us, while they are a never-ending source of instruction and enjoyment, cannot fail to prepare the mind for nobler studies, and for higher destinies.

There is, doubtless, no living philosopher who could conduct us, with the same safety and interest as Baron Humboldt, over these wonderful fields of the material world. With his own eye he has seen the grand phenomena which he records. He has trodden the deserts and the Llanos of the far west; he has climbed its volcanic cones, and breathed the vapors which they exhale; he has swept over its cataracts, and threaded its forests; and with the profound knowledge of a naturalist and a philosopher, he has described what he saw with all the precision of truth, and with all the eloquence of poetry.

In the work which we have placed at the head of this article, its author "has sought to indicate the unfailing influence of external nature on the feelings, the moral dispositions, and the destinies of man," and viewing the "soothing influence of the contemplation of nature, as peculiarly precious to those who are oppressed with the cares or the sorrows of life," he dedicates his work more especially to them, and invites them, while "escaping from the stormy waves of life," "to follow him in spirit to the recesses of the primeval forests, over the boundless surface of the steppe, and to the higher ridges of the Andes." Enjoying, "in his eightieth year, the satisfaction of completing a third edition of his work, and remoulding it entirely afresh, to meet the requirements of the present time," he "hopes that these volumes may tend to inspire and cherish a love for the study of nature, by bringing together, in a small space, the results of careful observation, on the most varied subjects, by showing the importance of exact numerical data, and the use to be made of them by well considered arrangement and comparison, and by opposing the dogmatic half-knowledge and arrogant scepticism, which have long too much prevailed in what are called the higher circles of society."*

In the *first* volume of his work, Baron Humboldt treats of the *steppes and deserts* of the earth —of the *cataracts of the Orinoco*, and of the *nocturnal life of animals in the primeval forests;* and in the *second*, he discusses the *physiognomy of plants*, describes the *structure and mode of action of volcanoes in different parts of the globe*, treats of the *vital force*, and concludes with a description of *the plateaux of Caxamarca, the ancient capital of the Inca Atahualpa, and the first view of the Pacific Ocean from the crest of the Andes*. These different treatises, as we may call them, are concise and popular, for the perusal of the general reader, and are followed by copious annotations and additions, for the use of those who wish to investigate more profoundly and extensively the subjects to which they relate.

The widely extended, and apparently interminable plains, which have received the name of steppes, deserts, Llanos, pampas, prairies, and barrens, present themselves to the traveller under all the zones into which our globe has been divided; but in each they have a peculiar physiognomy, depending on diversity of soil, of climate, and of elevation above the sea. The heaths in the north of Europe, with their purple blossoms, rich in honey, extending from the point of Jutland to the mouth of the Scheldt, are regarded by our author as true steppes, though their extent is small, when compared with the Llanos or pampas of South America, or the prairies of the Missouri, or the barrens of the Coppermine river, on which the shaggy buffalo and the musk ox range in countless herds.†

The desert plains in the interior of Africa are parts of a sea of sand, separating fertile regions, or enclosing them like islands. On these desolate plains neither dew nor rain descends; and except in the oases, to which malefacotrs were sent in the later times of the Cæsars, vegetable life is wholly extinct. Herds of antelopes, and swift-footed ostriches, roam through these vast regions; and though the verdant shores of the watered oases are frequented by nomadic tribes, the African desert must be regarded as uninhabitable by man. Bordering nations cross it periodically, by routes which have been unchanged for thousands of years, and by the aid of the camel, *the ship of the desert*, the adventurous merchant is enabled to cross it from Tafilet to Timbuctoo, and from Moorzouk to Bornou. The extent of these vast plains, lying partly within, and partly in the vicinity, of the tropics, is three times as great as that of the Mediterranean Sea.

The most extensive, if not the loftiest steppes, on the surface of the globe, occur in the temperate zone, on the plateau of central Asia, which lies between the gold mountains of the Altai and the

*This observation is entirely inapplicable to the "higher circles of society" in England.

† The Indians sometimes kill from 600 to 700 buffaloes in a few days, by driving the wild herds into artificial enclosures.

Kuenlun. They extend from the Chinese wall to beyond the celestial mountains, and towards the sea of Aral, through a length of many thousand miles. About thirty years after his journey to South America, our author visited an extent of 2800 miles of these Asiatic steppes. Sometimes hilly, and sometimes interrupted by dispersed groups of pine forests, they exhibit a far more varied vegetation than those of the new world. The finest parts of these plains, inhabited by pastoral tribes, are adorned with flowering herbaceous plants of great height; and while the traveller is driving in his Tartar carriage over their pathless surface, the thickly crowded plants bend before the wheels, and such is their height, that he is obliged to rise up and look around him, to see the direction in which to move. "Some of the Asiatic steppes are grassy plains; others are covered with succulent evergreen articulated soda plants; and many glisten from a distance with flakes of exuded salt, which cover the clayey soil, not unlike in appearance to fresh fallen snow."

Dividing the very ancient civilization of Thibet and Hindostan from the rude nations of Northern Asia, these Mongolian and Tartarian steppes have in various ways exercised an important influence on the changeful destinies of man. "Compressing the population towards the South, they have tended, more than the Himalaya, or the snowy mountains of Sirinagur and Ghorka, to impede the intercourse of nations, and to place permanent limits to the extension of milder manners, and of artistic and intellectual cultivation in Northern Asia."

But in the history of the past, (says our author,) it is not alone as an opposing barrier that we must regard the plains of central Asia. More than once they have proved the source from which devastation has spread over distant lands. The pastoral nations of these steppes—Moguls, Getæ, Alani, and Usuni—have shaken the world. As in the course of past ages, early intellectual culture has come, like the cheering light of the sun, from the east, so at a later period, from the same direction, barbaric rudeness has threatened to overspread and involve Europe in darkness. A brown pastoral race, of Tukiuish or Turkish descent—the Hiongnu, dwelling in tents of skins, inhabited the elevated steppes of Gobi. Long terrible to the Chinese power, a part of this tribe was driven back into central Asia. The shock or impulse thus given passed from nation to nation, until it reached the ancient land of the Finns, near the Ural mountains. From thence Huns, Avari, Ghazares, and various admixtures of Asiatic races, broke forth. Armies of Huns appeared successively on the Volga, in Pannonia, on the Marne, and on the Po, desolating those fair and fertile fields, which, since the time of Antenor, civilized man had adorned with successive monuments. Thus went forth from Mongolian deserts a deadly blast, which withered, on Cisalpine ground, the tender, long cherished flower of art!—Vol. i., p. 6.

The great steppe of South America displays itself to the traveller's eye when he looks southward, on quitting the mountain valleys of Caraccas. It occupies a space of 256,000 English square miles, stretching from the coast chain of the Caraccas to the forests of Guiana, and from the snowy mountains of Merida to the great Delta at the mouth of the Orinoco. To the south-west, a branch is prolonged to the unvisited sources of the Guaviare, and the lonely mountains to which the excited fancy of the Spanish soldiery gave the name of Paramo de la Suma Paz—the seat of perfect peace. The Pampas of Buenos Ayres are of such extent "that while their northern margin is bordered by palm trees, their southern extremity is almost continually covered with ice. In these grassy plains, troops of dogs, descended from those introduced by the colonists, have become completely wild. They live socially, inhabiting subterranean hollows, in which they hide their young, and often attacking man with a bloodthirsty rage. When the society becomes too numerous, some families migrate and form new colonies.

The absence of human inhabitants from the South American steppes has given free scope for the development of the most varied forms of animal life; "a development limited only by their mutual pressure, and similar to that of vegetable life in the forests of the Orinoco, where the Hymenæa and the gigantic laurel are never exposed to the destructive hand of man, but only to the pressure of the luxuriant climbers which twine around their massive trunks. Agoutis, small spotted antelopes, cuirassed armadilloes, which, like rats, startle the hare in its subterranean holes, herds of lazy chiguires, beautifully striped viverræ, which poison the air with their odor, the large maneless lion, spotted jaguars, (often called tigers,) strong enough to drag away a young bull after killing him;—these and many other forms of animal life wander through the treeless plains."

Thus, almost exclusively inhabited by these wild animals, the steppe would offer little attraction or means of subsistence to those nomadic native hordes, who, like the Asiatics of Hindostan, prefer vegetable nutriment, if it were not for the occasional presence of single individuals of the fan palm, the mauritia. The benefits of this life-supporting tree are widely celebrated; it alone, from the mouth of the Orinoco to north of the Sierra de Imataca, feeds the unsubdued natives of the Guaranis. When this people were more numerous, and lived in closer contiguity, not only did they support their huts on the cut trunks of palm trees as pillars, on which rested a scaffolding forming the floor, but they also, it is said, twined from the leaf-stalks of the mauritia cords and mats, which, skilfully interwoven and suspended from stem to stem, enabled them in the rainy season, when the Delta is overflowed, to live in the trees like the apes. The floor of these raised cottages is partly covered with a coating of damp clay, on which the women make fires for household purposes, the flames appearing at night from the river to be suspended high in air. The Guaranis still owe the preservation of their physical, and perhaps also their moral independence, to the half-submerged marshy soil, over which they

move with a light and rapid step, and to their elevated dwellings in the trees—a habitation never likely to be chosen from motives of religious enthusiasm by an American Stylites. But the mauritia affords to the Guaranis not merely a secure dwelling-place, but also various kinds of food. Before the flower of the rich palm tree breaks through its tender sheath, and only at that period of vegetable metamorphosis, the pith of the stem of the tree contains a meal resembling sago, which, like the farina of the jatropha root, is dried in thin, bread-like slices. The fermented juice of the tree forms the sweet intoxicating palm wine of the Guaranis. The scaly fruits, which resemble in their appearance reddish fir cones, afford, like the plantain and almost all tropical fruits, a different kind of nutriment according as they are eaten, after their saccharine substance is fully developed, or in their earlier or more farinaceous state. Thus, in the lowest stage of man's intellectual development, we find the existence of an entire people bound up with that of a single tree, like the insect which lives exclusively on a single part of a particular flower. —Vol. i., pp. 15–17.

Since the discovery of America the Llanos have become habitable, and towns have been built here and there on the banks of the streams which water them. Huts formed of reeds bound by thongs, and covered with skins, have been placed at the distance of a day's journey from each other; and innumerable herds of oxen, horses, and mules, estimated at a million and a half thirty-five years ago, roam over the plains, exposed to numberless dangers. Under a vertical and never clouded sun, the carbonized turf cracks and pulverizes, and when the dust and sand are raised by opposing winds in the electrically charged centre of the revolving current, they have the form of inverted cones like the waterspouts of the ocean.

The lowering sky sheds a dim, almost straw-colored light on the desolate plain. The horizon draws suddenly nearer; the steppe seems to contract, and with it the heart of the wanderer. The hot, dusty particles which fill the air, increase its suffocating heat; and the east wind, blowing over the long heated soil, brings with it no refreshment, but rather a still more burning glow. The pools, which the yellow fading branches of the fan palm had protected from evaporation, now gradually disappear. As in the icy north the animals become torpid with cold, so here, under the influence of the parching droughts, the crocodile and the boa become motionless, and fall asleep deeply buried in the dry mud. Everywhere the death-threatening drought prevails, and yet by the play of the refracted rays of light producing the phenomenon of the mirage, the thirsty traveller is everywhere pursued by the illusive image of a cool, rippling, watery mirror. * * * * Half-concealed by the dark clouds of dust, restless with the pain of thirst and hunger, the horses and cattle roam around, the cattle lowing dismally, and the horses stretching out their long necks and snuffing the wind, if haply a moister current may betray the neighborhood of a not wholly dried up pool. More sagacious and cunning, the mule seeks a different mode of alleviating his thirst. The ribbed and spherical melon-cactus conceals under its prickly envelope a watery pith. The mule first strikes the prickles aside with his forefeet, and then ventures warily to approach his lips to the plant, and drink the cool juice. But resort to this vegetable fountain is not always without danger, and one sees many animals that have been lamed by the prickles of the cactus. When the heat of the burning day is followed by the coolness of the night, even then the horses and cattle cannot enjoy repose. Enormous bats suck their blood like vampires during their sleep, or attach themselves to their backs, causing festering wounds, in which mosquitoes, hippobosces, and a host of stinging insects niche themselves.—Vol. i., pp. 17, 18.

When the rainy season arrives, the aspect of the Llano is entirely changed. Sweet odors are exhaled from its previously barren surface. Grasses in great variety spring up around; the mimosas unfold their drooping leaves, and the water plants open their blossoms to the sun. Mud volcanoes burst out from the moistened clay, and a gigantic water-snake or crocodile often issues from the spot. In describing the phenomena of the rainy season, our author has introduced some very brief notices of the attacks made upon brood mares and their foals in the swollen streams, and of the battles which take place between the electrical eels and the wild horses; but as we have already given a full account of these and other interesting phenomena in a review of his *Kosmos*, we must refer our readers to that article. Cruel though they be, we read with pleasure the details of battles, when Nature has supplied the combatants with the weapons of destruction, and with the ferocious instinct to use them; but we turn with pain from those scenes of blood, in which man is the hero and the victim.

As in the steppes tigers and crocodiles fight with horses and cattle, so in the forests on its borders, in the wildernesses of Guiana, man is ever armed against man. Some tribes drink with unnatural thirst the blood of their enemies; others apparently weaponless, and yet prepared for murder, kill with a poisoned thumb-nail. The weaker hordes, when they have to pass along the sandy margins of the rivers, carefully efface with their hands the traces of their timid footsteps. Thus man in the lowest stage of almost animal rudeness, as well as amidst the apparent brilliancy of our higher cultivation, prepares for himself and his fellow-men increased toil and danger. The traveller wandering over the wide globe by sea and land, as well as the historic inquirer searching the records of past ages, finds everywhere the uniform and saddening spectacle of man at variance with man. He, therefore, who amid the unreconciled discord of nations seeks for intellectual calm, gladly turns to contemplate the silent life of vegetation, and the hidden activity of forces and powers operating in the sanctuaries of nature, or obedient to the inborn impulse which for thousands of years has glowed in the human breast, gazes upwards in meditative contemplation on those celestial orbs which are ever pursuing, in undisturbed harmony, their ancient and unchanging course.—Pp. 25, 26.

In his section on the Cataracts of Orinoco, Baron Humboldt proposes to describe "in particular two scenes of nature in the wilderness of Guiana —the celebrated cataracts of the Orinoco, the Atures and Maypures," which few Europeans

had seen previous to his visit. At the mouth of the Orinoco, where its milk-white waters bedim the bright blue of the Atlantic, its width is less than that of the river Plate or the Amazons. Its length is only 1120 geographical miles; but at the distance of 560 miles from its mouth, its breadth, when full, is 17,265 English feet, or nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles; and the height to which it here rises above its lowest level is from 30 to 36 feet. After pursuing a westerly and then a northerly course, it runs again to the east, so that its mouth is nearly in the same meridian as its source! Near the mouths of the Sodomoni and the Guapo stands the grand and picturesque mountain of Duida, and among the cocoa groves to the east of it are found trees of the Bertholletia excelsa, the most vigorous and gigantic of the productions of the tropical world. From this region the Indians obtain the materials for the long blow-pipes out of which they discharge their arrows. The plant, from which they obtain tubes about eighteen feet long, from knot to knot, is a grass, a species of the arundinaria, which grows to the height of thirty or forty feet, though its thickness is scarcely half an inch in diameter.

Between the third and fourth degrees of latitude, Humboldt observed in the Atabapo, the Temi, the Tuamini, and the Guainia, the "enigmatical phenomenon of the so-called *black-water*." The color of these rivers is a coffee-brown, which, in the shade of the palm groves, passes into *ink-black*, though in transparent vessels the water has a golden yellow color. This black color of the water is ascribed by our author to its holding in solution carburetted hydrogen, "to the luxuriance of the tropical vegetation, and to the quantity of plants and herbs upon the ground over which the rivers flow." The *ink-blackness* mentioned by Humboldt, arises, as he states, from the groves of palm when reflected from the aqueous surface, a phenomenon which we have frequently seen even under a more remarkable aspect in the lakes which exist in the Grampian range near the banks of the Spey. When these lakes, seen from above, reflect from their unruffled surface only the purple flanks of the hills covered with heath or with pine, the light which reaches the eye is exceedingly faint, and almost inappreciable, not only from the darkness of its tint, but from the smallness of its angle of incidence upon the reflecting surface. Under these circumstances, the lake literally is as black as *ink*; but if the slightest breeze forms a ripple on a portion of its surface, the inclined faces of the tiny waves reflect the light of the sky or of the clouds, and the portion of the lake thus disturbed has the appearance of *milk*, so that the sheet of water seems to be formed of ink and of milk in immiscible proximity. The slight coffee-brown color of some of our own streams, is obviously occasioned by the peaty soil over which they flow.

The phenomenon exhibited on the banks of this remarkable river (the Orinoco) cannot fail to command the admiration of the traveller. Near the mouth of the Guaviare and Atabapo grows the noblest of the palms, "the Piriguao," whose smooth and polished trunk, about sixty-five feet high, is adorned with the most delicate flag-like foliage, and bears large and beautiful fruit like peaches, which, when prepared in a variety of ways, affords a nutricious and farinaceous food to the natives. At the junction of the Meta, there rises from the middle of a mighty whirlpool an isolated cliff, called the *Rock of Patience*, as voyagers sometimes require two days to pass it; and opposite the Indian mission of Carichano, the eye of the traveller is riveted on an abrupt rock, El-Mogote de Cocuyza, a cube with vertically precipitous sides, above 200 feet high, and carrying on its surface forests of trees of rich and varied foliage. Like a Cyclopean monument in its simple grandeur, this central mass rises high above the tops of the surrounding palms, marking the deep azure of the sky, with its sharp and rugged outlines, and uplifting "its summit high in air, a forest above the forest." In the lower parts of the river near the sea, great natural rafts, consisting of trees torn from the banks by the swelling of the river, are encountered by the boatmen, whose canoes are often wrecked by striking against them in the dark. These rafts, which are covered like meadows with flowering water plants, remind the traveller of the floating gardens of the Mexican lakes.

As the Orinoco imparts a black color to the reddish white granite which it has washed for a thousand years, the existence of similar black hollows, at heights of nearly 200 feet above the present bed of the river, indicates the fact, "that the streams whose magnitude now excites our astonishment, are only the feeble remains of the immense masses of water that belonged to an earlier age of the world." The very natives of Guiana called the attention of our author to the traces of the former height of the waters. On a grassy plain, near Uruana, stands an isolated granite rock, upon which are engraven, at a height of more than eighty feet, figures of the sun and moon, and of many animals, particularly crocodiles and boas, arranged almost in rows or lines. The natives believe that these figures were carved when their fathers' boats were only a little lower than the drawings.

The cataracts, or Raudal of Maypures, are not, like the falls of Niagara, formed by the descent of a mass of water through a great height, nor are they narrow gorges through which the river rushes with accelerated velocity. They consist of a countless number of little cascades, succeeding each other like steps, sometimes extending across the entire bed of the river, and sometimes in a river 8500 feet wide, leaving only an open channel of twenty feet. When the steps are but two or three feet high, the natives can descend the falls, remaining in the canoe. When the steps are high, and stretch across the stream, the boat is landed and dragged along the bank by branches of trees placed under it as rollers.

In descending from the village of Maypures to the Rock of Manimi in the bed of the river, a wonderful prospect opens to the traveller's view.

A foaming surface, four miles in length, presents itself at once to the eye. Iron-black masses of rocks, resembling ruins and battlemented towers, rise frowning from the waters. Rocks and islands are adorned with the luxuriant vegetation of the tropical forest; a perpetual mist hovers over the waters, and the summits of the lofty palms pierce through the cloud of spray and vapor. When the rays of the glowing evening sun are refracted in these humid exhalations, a magic optical effect begins. Colored bows shine, vanish, and reäppear; and the ethereal image is swayed to and fro by the breath of the sportive breeze. During the long rainy season the streaming waters bring down islands of vegetable mould, and thus the naked rocks are studded with bright flower-beds, adorned with melastomas and droseras, and with small silver-leaved mimosas and ferns. These spots recall to the recollection of the European those blocks of granite decked with flowers which rise solitary amid the glaciers of Savoy, and are called, by the dwellers in the Alps, "jardins," or "courtils." In the blue distance the eye rests on the mountain chain of Cunavami, a long extended ridge, which terminates abruptly in a truncated cone. We saw the latter glowing at sunset as if in roseate flames. This appearance returns daily. No one has ever been near the mountain to detect the precise cause of this brightness, which may perhaps proceed from a reflecting surface produced by the decomposition of talc or mica slate.—Vol. i., pp. 224, 225.

The Raudal of Atures is, like that of the Maypures, a cluster of islands, between which the river forces its way for ten or twelve thousand yards, a forest of palms rising from the middle of its foaming waters. Near the southern entrance of this cataract, and on the right bank of the river, stands the celebrated *Cave of Ataruipe*. It consists of a cavity or vaulted roof, formed by "a far overhanging cliff," and is the vault or cemetery of an extinct nation.

We counted (says our author) about 600 well preserved skeletons, placed in as many baskets, woven from the stalks of palm leaves. These baskets, which the Indians call *mapires*, are shaped like square sacks, differing in size according to the age of the deceased. Even new-born children had each its own mapire. The skeletons are so perfect, that not a bone or a joint is wanting. The bones had been prepared in three different ways; some bleached, some colored red with onoto, the pigment of the *bixa orellana*, and some like mummies, closely enveloped in sweet-smelling resin and plantain leaves. The Indians assured us that the custom had been to bury the fresh corpses for some months in damp earth, which gradually consumed the flesh; they were then dug up, and any remaining flesh scraped away with sharp stones. This the Indians said was still the practice of several tribes in Guiana. Besides the mapires, or baskets, we found urns of half-burnt clay, which appeared to contain the bones of entire families. The larger of these urns were about three feet high, and nearly six feet long, of a pleasing oval form, and greenish color, having handles shaped like snakes and crocodiles, and meandering or labyrinthine ornaments round the upper margin. These ornaments are quite similar to those which cover the walls of the Mexican palace at Mitla. They are found in all countries and climates, and in the most different stages of human cultivation—among the Greeks and Romans, as well as on the shields of some of the natives at Tahiti, and other islands of the South Sea—wherever the eye is gratified by the rhythmical recurrence of regular forms. * * * * Our interpreters could give us no certain information as to the age of these vessels; that of the skeletons appeared for the most part not to exceed a century. It is reported among the Guareca Indians, that the brave Atures being pressed upon by the cannibal Caribs, withdrew to the rocks of the cataracts—a melancholy refuge and dwelling-place, in which the distressed tribe finally perished, and with them their language. In the most inaccessible parts of the Raudal there are cavities and recesses which have served, like the Cave of Ataruipe, as burying-places. It is even probable that the last family of the Atures may not have been long deceased; for (a singular fact) there is still in Maypures an old parrot, of whom the natives affirm that he is not understood because he speaks the Ature language.—Vol. i., pp. 229, 230.

Leaving this interesting cave at nightfall, and carrying along with him several skulls, and an entire skeleton, our author could not avoid tracing a melancholy contrast between the extinct race, whose mouldering relics he bore, with the ever new life which springs from the bosom of the earth:—

Countless insects poured their red phosphoric light on the herb-covered ground, which glowed with living fire, as if the starry canopy of heaven had sunk down upon the turf. Climbing bignonias, fragrant vanillas, and yellow flowering banisterias adorned the entrance of the cave, and the summits of the palms rustled above the graves. Thus perish the generations of men! Thus do the name and the traces of nations fade and disappear! Yet when one blossom of man's intellect withers—when in the storms of time the memorials of his art moulder and decay—an ever new life springs forth from the bosom of the earth; maternal nature unfolds unceasingly her germs, her flowers, and her fruits; regardless though man, with his passions and his crimes, treads under foot her ripening harvests.—Vol. i., p. 231.

The third aspect of nature to which Baron Humboldt directs our attention is the *Nocturnal Life of Animals in the Primeval Forest*. The wooded region which lies between 8° of north and 19° of south latitude is one connected forest having an area twelve times greater than that of Germany. This vast surface is watered by systems of rivers, whose tributaries sometimes exceed in the abundance of their waters the Rhine or the Danube; and it is to the combination of great moisture with a tropical heat that these forests owe the luxuriant growth of their trees. So rank indeed is their vegetation, that particular parts of the forest are impenetrable; and the large American tigers, or panther-like jaguars, often lose themselves in their dense and impenetrable recesses. Being thus unable to hunt on the ground, they actually live on the trees, and become the terror of the families of monkeys, and of the prehensile-tailed viverræ.

On the sandy bank of the Rio Apure, closely bordering upon the impenetrable forest, our author and his party bivouacked, as usual, under the open sky, surrounded by fires to keep off the prowling jaguars. Their hammocks were suspended on the oars of their boat, driven vertically into the ground, and the deep stillness which prevailed was broken only from time to time by the blowing of the fresh-water dolphins. Soon after eleven o'clock, however, such a disturbance began to be heard in the adjoining forest that sleep became impossible during the rest of the night.

The wild cries of animals appeared to rage throughout the forest. Among the many voices which resounded together, the Indians could only recognize those which, after short pauses in the general uproar, were first heard singly. There was the monotonous howling of the alouates, (the howling monkeys,) the plaintive, soft, and almost flute-like tones of the small sapajous, the snarling grumblings of the striped nocturnal monkey, (the nictipithicus trivirgatus, which I was the first to describe,) the interrupted cries of the great tiger, the cuguar, or maneless American lion, the peccary, the sloth, and a host of parrots, parraquas, and other pheasant-like birds. When the tigers came near the edge of the forest, our dog, which had before barked incessantly, came howling to seek refuge under our hammocks. Sometimes the cry of the tiger was heard to proceed from amidst the high branches of a tree, and was then always accompanied by the plaintive piping of the monkeys who were seeking to escape from the unwonted pursuit. If we ask the Indians why this incessant noise and disturbance takes place on particular nights, they answer with a smile, that "the animals are rejoicing in the bright moonlight, and keeping the feast of the full moon." To me it appeared that the scene had originated in some accidental combat, that the disturbance had spread to other animals, and that the noise was thus more and more increased. The jaguar pursues the peccaries and tapirs, and these pressing against each other in their flight break through the interwoven tree-like shrubs which impede their escape; the apes on the tops of the trees, frightened by the crash, join their cries to those of the larger animals; the tribes of birds who build their nests in communities are aroused, and thus the whole animal world is thrown into a state of commotion. Longer experience taught us that it is not always the celebration of the brightness of the moon which breaks the repose of the woods. We witnessed the same occurrence repeatedly, and found that the voices were loudest during violent falls of rain, or when the flashing lightning, accompanied with loud peals of thunder, illuminated the deep recesses of the forest.—Vol. i., pp. 270, 271.

Scenes like these form a striking contrast with the deathlike stillness which prevails within the tropics "during the noontide hours of a day of more than usual heat." At the remarkable "Narrows" of Baraguan, where the Orinoco forces itself through a pass 5690 feet wide, our author had occasion to spend a day, when the thermometer in the shade was so high as 122° of Fahrenheit. There was not a breath of air to stir the fine dustlike sand, and under the influence of the mirage the outlines of every distant object had wave-like undulations.

The sun was in the zenith, and the flood of light which he poured down upon the river, and which flashed sparkling back, owing to a slight rippling movement of the waters, rendered still more sensible the red haze which veiled the distance. All the naked rocks and boulders around were covered with a countless number of large thick scaled iguanas, gecko-lizards, and variously spotted salamanders. Motionless, with uplifted heads and open mouths, they appeared to inhale the burning air with ecstasy. At such times the larger animals seek shelter in the recesses of the forest, and the birds hide themselves under the thick foliage of the trees, or in the clefts of the rocks; but if, under this apparent entire stillness of nature, we listen for the faintest tones which an attentive ear can seize, we shall perceive an all-pervading rustling sound, a humming and fluttering of insects close to the ground and in the lower strata of the atmosphere. Everything announces a world of organic activity and life. In every bush—in the cracked bark of the trees—in the earth, undermined by hymenopterous insects, life stirs audibly. It is, as it were, one of the many voices of nature, heard only by the sensitive and reverent ear of her true votaries.—Vol. i., p. 272.

The second volume of the "Aspects of Nature" commences with an instructive section "On the Physiognomy of Plants," which our author prefaces with some highly interesting observations on the universal profusion with which life is everywhere distributed. The information which is here conveyed to us has a high value at all times, but a very peculiar one at present, when a great degree of probability attaches to the opinion that organic atoms floating in our atmosphere are the cause of that dreadful pestilence which is now ravaging our land. In the dense and lower strata of our atmosphere we are accustomed to observe the general prevalence of life, and travellers inform us that even on the polar ice the air is resonant with the cries and songs of birds and with the hum of insect life. In the upper and more ethereal regions, 18,000 feet above the sea, Humboldt and Bonpland found butterflies and other winged insects which were involuntarily carried upwards by ascending currents of air; and the same creatures are carried by storms from the land to great distances at sea. M. Boussingault, when ascending the Silla of Caraccas, saw whitish shining bodies rise from the valley to the summit of the Silla, 5755 feet high, and then sink down to the neighboring seacoast. This phenomenon continued for an hour, and the white bodies, though considered at first to have been small birds, turned out to be agglomerations of straws or blades of grass, belonging to the genus *vilfa tenacissima*, which abounds in the Caraccas and Cumana. Creatures still more wonderful are detected in the atmosphere by the aid of the microscope—minute animalculæ, (the *rotiferæ* and *Brachionæ*,) motionless and apparently dead, lifted up by the winds in multitudes from the surface of evaporating waters, and carried about by atmospheric currents till the descending dews restore them to the earth, "dissolving the film or envelope which incloses their transparent

rotating bodies, and probably by means of the oxygen which all water contains, breathing new irritability into their dormant organs."*

The celebrated Prussian naturalist, M. Ehrenberg, has discovered, by microscopic observations, that the dust or yellow sand which falls like rain on the Atlantic, near the Cape de Verde Islands, and is sometimes transported to Italy, and even the middle of Europe, consists of a multitude of silicious shelled microscopic animals. "*Perhaps*," says Humboldt, "*many of them float for years in the upper strata of the atmosphere, until they are brought down by vertical currents, or in accompaniment with the superior current of the trade-winds, still susceptible of revivification, and multiplying their species by spontaneous division, in conformity with the particular laws of their organization.*"

But besides creatures fully formed, (continues Humboldt,) the atmosphere contains innumerable germs of future life, such as the eggs of insects and the seeds of plants; the latter provided with light hairy and feathery appendages, by means of which they are wafted through the air during long autumnal wanderings. Even the fertilizing dust or pollen from the anthers of the male flowers, in spaces in which the sexes are separated, is carried over land and sea by winds and by the agency of winged insects to the solitary female plant on other shores. Thus, wherever the glance of the inquirer into nature penetrates, he sees the continual dissemination of life either fully formed or in the germ. * * * We do not yet know where life is most abundant—whether on continents or in the unfathomed depths of the ocean. Through the excellent work of Ehrenberg, we have seen the sphere of organic life extend, and its horizon widen before our eyes, both in the tropical parts of the ocean, and in the fixed or floating masses of ice of the Antarctic seas. Silicious shelled polygastrica, and even coscinodiscæ with their green ovaries, have been found alive enveloped in masses of ice only twelve degrees from the pole; the small black glacier flea and Podurellæ inhabit the narrow tubular holes examined by Agassiz, in the Swiss glaciers. Ehrenberg has shown that on several microscopic infusoria others live as parasites; and that, in the Gallionellæ, such is their prodigious power of development, or capability of division, *that in the space of four days an animalcule invisible to the naked eye can form two cubic feet of the Bilin polishing slate!* In the sea, gelatinous worms, living or dead, shine like stars, and by their phosphoric light change the surface of the wide ocean into a sea of fire. Ineffaceable is the impression made on my mind by the calm nights of the torrid zone on the waters of the Pacific. I still see the dark azure of the firmament, the constellation of the ship near the zenith, and that of the cross declining towards the horizon, shedding through the perfumed air their soft and planetary lustre; while bright furrows of flashing light marked the track of the dolphins through the midst of the foaming waves. Not only the ocean but also the waters of our marshes hide from us an innumerable multitude of strange forms. The naked eye can with difficulty distinguish the Cyclidias, the Euglenes, and the host of Naiads, divisible by branches like the Lemna or Duckweed, of which they seek the shade. Other creatures inhabit receptacles where the light cannot penetrate, and an atmosphere variously composed, but differing from that which we breathe: such are the spotted ascaris which lives beneath the skin of the earthworm, the Leucoptera, of a bright silvery color, in the interior of the shore Naiad, and a Pentastoma which inhabits the large pulmonary cells of the rattlesnake of the tropics. There are animalculæ in the blood of frogs and of salmon; and even, according to Nordmann, in the fluids of the eyes of fishes, and in the gills of the bleak.—Vol. ii., pp. 5–7.

It is impossible to peruse this interesting extract without noticing its connection with the remarkable discovery recently made by Dr. Brittan, that in the discharges from cholera patients there are found minute cellular bodies, having the aspect and character of fungi; that the same bodies exist in the air and water of infected districts; and that they are never found in persons or places where the pestilence does not prevail. These bodies vary from the five hundredth to the ten thousandth of an inch in diameter; the smallest occurring in the air, the larger in the vomit, and the largest in the dejections of the patient. Admitting, what yet requires a more extensive induction to prove it, that these bodies are always found in cholera localities, and never elsewhere, it still remains to be proved that they are the cause of cholera. Various facts, however, have been long known, which render such an opinion highly probable. The *Ergot*, the *Spermoedia Clavus*,* for example, a fungus which is found abundantly in rye, is a poison which exercises a peculiar action in contracting the uterus. When it composes a considerable portion of rye bread, it produces one of the most terrific diseases to which man is subject. The ergot is produced within the seeds of various grasses, such as Secale Agrostis, Dactylis, Festuca, Elymus, &c.; and is rather supposed to be a diseased condition of the grasses, than a distinct fungus. But however this may be, its effects upon the human frame are terrible. Nausea and vomiting are followed by numbness in the extremities, which, after being wasted with excruciating pains, eventually fall off at the joints, withering and becoming black and hard as if they were charred. This disease, called the Dry Gangrene, has been at different periods epidemic in Sologne, a tract of wet, clayey land lying between the Loire and Cher. The fingers, or toes, or feet, or legs, or even the thighs, drop off at the joints. According to Duhamel, it destroyed nineteen out of twenty of the persons infected; and, strange to

* By means of a drop of water Fontana revived a rotifera which had been two years dried and motionless. Baker resuscitated paste eels which Needham had given him in 1744. Doyere has recently shown by experiment that rotiferæ come to life, or pass from a motionless state to a state of motion, after having been exposed to temperatures of from 11° to 113° of Fahr. Payen has shown that the sporules of a minute fungus, (*oidium aurantiacum*,) which deposits a ruddy feathery coating on a crumb of bread are not deprived of their power of germination by an exposure of half an hour to a temperature of from 183° to 207° of Fahr., before being strewed on fresh and perfectly unspoiled dough.

* The *Sphacelia segetum* of Klotzsch, and the *Furinaria Poæ* of Sowerby. It is called Ergot, from its resemblance to a cock's spur.

say, the sufferer in one case survived, though his thighs fell off at the hips! But it is not merely in rye that this poison is generated. When wheat, rice, or any other grain is prematurely cut down, or has become mouldy or musty from age, or from the place where it has been stored;—or when it has been mixed with the seeds of poisonous plants, such as the *Raphanus Raphanistrum*, and the *Lolium temulentum*, the most excruciating diseases have been occasioned by its use.

But the most remarkable case on record of the frightful effects of damaged grain, poisoned no doubt by some deleterious fungus, is recorded in the Philosophical Transactions, for 1762,* by Dr. Charlton Wollaston, and by the Reverend Mr. Bones, minister of the parish. John Downing a poor laboring man, who lived at Wattisham, near Stowmarket, in Suffolk, had fed his family, a wife and six children, on what is called clog-wheat, or *laid* wheat, which had been gathered and thrashed separately. The pickle was *discolored*, and smaller than that of the sound wheat. On Sunday morning, the 10th of January, the eldest girl complained of a violent pain in the calf of her left leg. In the evening, another girl felt the same pain. On Monday, the mother and another child; and on Tuesday, all the rest, except the father, were similarly affected. The sufferers shrieked with pain. In a few days the legs turned black and mortified. The mortified parts separated from the sound part, in most of them, two inches below the knee; in some lower, and in one child, at the ancle. Three lost both legs: and one child both feet. The following was the state of their legs on the 13th April:—

"Mary, the mother, aged 40, the right foot off at the ancle; the left leg mortified; a mere bone, but not off.

"Mary, aged 15, one leg off below the knee; the other perfectly sphacelated, but not yet off.

"Elizabeth, aged 13, both legs off below the knees.

"Sarah, aged 10, one foot off at the ancle.

"Robert, aged 8, both legs off below the knees.

"Edward, aged 4, both feet off at the ancle.

"An infant, four months old, dead.

"The father was attacked about a fortnight after the rest of the family, and in a slighter degree, the pain being confined to the two fingers of his right hand, which turned blackish, and were withered for some time, but are now better; and he has in some degree recovered the use of them."

During this calamity, the family were in other respects in good health. They ate heartily, and slept well, and were free from fever. "One poor boy, in particular, looked as healthy and florid as possible; and was sitting on the bed quite jolly, drumming with his stumps!"

"I have always been used," says Dr. Wollaston, in concluding his extrordinary narrative, "to read *Lucan's* description of the effects of the bite of the little serpent *Seps* as fabulous, or at least greatly exaggerated. But I have now been an eye-witness to almost the whole scene of horror so finely painted in the following lines:

Plagæ proxima circum
Fugit rapta cutis, pallentiaque ossa retexit:
Membra notant sanie: Suræ fluxere: sine ullo
Tegmine poples erat: femorum quoque musculus omnis
Liquitur, et nigra distillant iguium tabe.
Phars., Lib. ix. v. 767.

An effect equally strange has been observed in America, on men and animals when fed on maize that has been overrun with parasitic fungi. Deer, dogs, apes, and parrots were intoxicated by it. Fowls laid eggs without shells. Swine cast their bristles, while in man it occasioned only baldness and loosening of the teeth.

In the passage which we have quoted from Humboldt, we see the process by which deleterious elements of a microscopic kind, and even those of a large size, are raised in the atmosphere and distributed over the globe by currents in the lower and upper regions of the air;—but these and other elements equally deleterious may be lifted up or even torn from the surface of the earth, by processes not generally referred to. When electricity passes from one body to another, it carries off the matter of the first body in an extreme state of subdivision, and deposits it upon the other;—and when, in the ascending stroke, lightning passes from the earth into the atmosphere, it carries up into the air the imponderable elements of the metalliferous rocks and ground from which it issued. Iron, sulphur, and carbon, have been actually transported by lightning, and deposited on the surfaces which were struck by it; and when we consider the prevalence of electricity at every season and in every clime, and its constant transmission from the crust of the earth into the superincumbent atmosphere, we can see no difficulty in understanding how the elements of all metallic bodies may be diffused through the air, and distributed, according to laws of which we know nothing, by the magnetic or other currents which surround the earth. Inorganic matter, too, in a minute state of subdivision, is thrown off from the hardest bodies by friction, by change of temperature, and by ordinary combustion, as well as in volcanic action; so that there are powerful causes constantly at work, the tendency of which is to pollute the air we breathe, and the water we drink, with ingredients that, when accumulated and combined by particular causes, may prove injurious to health, and be destructive of animal and vegetable life.

Although the characteristic physiognomy of different parts of the earth's surface depends on a great variety of external phenomena, yet our author is justly of opinion that the principal impression made upon the traveller, is by the magnitude and constant presence of vegetable forms. Animals, from their smaller size and their repeated absence from the eye, form but a small part of a landscape, while trees, from their greater size and their occurrence in extended groups, fill the eye with a living mass of vegetation. Their great age, too, combined with their magnitude,

* Vol. lii., part ii., pp. 523, 521.

influences the imagination, and gives them a monumental character, equally interesting to the antiquarian and the naturalist. The colossal Dragon tree at Oratava, in Teneriffe, is 79 feet round its root, and 48 as measured by Humboldt further up. Mass is reported to have been said at a small altar erected in its hollow trunk, in the 15th century. Trees, 32 feet in diameter, have been observed at the mouth of the Senegal river; and Golberry found in the valley of the two Gaguacks, trunks which were 32 English feet in diameter near the roots, with a height of only 64 feet. Adanson and Perottet assign an age from 5150 to 6000 years to the Adansonia which they measured, but calculations made from the number of annual rings, give shorter periods. According to Decandolle, the yew (*Taxus baccata*) of Braborne, in Kent, is 3000 years old: the Scotch yew of Fortingal, from 2500 to 2600 years; those of Crowhurst, in Surrey, 1450 years old, and those of Ripon, in Yorkshire, 1200. Endlicken observes, that a yew tree in the churchyard of Grasford, in North Wales, which is 52 feet in circuit below the branches, is 1400 years old, and that another in Derbyshire, has the age of 2096 years. In Lithuania lime trees have been cut down with 815 annual rings, and 87 feet in circuit, and Humboldt states that in the southern temperate zone, some species of Eucalyptus attain the enormous height of 245 feet. The largest oak tree in Europe is near Saintes, in Lower Charente. It is 64 feet high, 29½ in circuit near the ground, and 23 feet five feet higher up. "In the dead part of the trunk, a little chamber has been arranged, from 10 feet 8 inches to 12 feet 9 inches wide, and 9 feet 8 inches high, with a semicircular bench cut out of the fresh wood. A window gives light to the interior, so that the sides of the chamber, which is closed with a door, are clothed with ferns and lichens, giving it a pleasing appearance. Judging by the size of a small piece of wood which has been cut above the door, and in which the marks of 200 annual rings have been counted, the oak of Saintes would be between 1800 and 2000 years old."

It has been found from ancient and trustworthy documents of the 11th century, that the root of the wild rose tree at the crypt of the Cathedral of Hildesheim, is 1000 years old, and its stem 800. After the cathedral had been burnt down, Bishop Hezilo inclosed the roots of this rose tree in a vault which still exists, and he trained the branches of it upon the walls of the crypt built above the vault, and reconsecrated in 1061. The stem, which is now living, is 26½ feet high, and 2 inches thick. The most remarkable example of vegetable development is exhibited in the Fucus gigantea, a submarine plant, which attains a length of from 400 to 430 feet, surpassing the loftiest coniferæ, such as the Sequoia gigantea, and the Taxodium sempervirens.

The aspect or physiognomy of Nature is, according to Humboldt, determined by about *sixteen* or nineteen different forms of vegetation, of which he proceeds to give very interesting descriptions from observations made during his travels both in the new and old continents, in regions between the 60th degree of north, and the 10th degree of south latitude. These forms, which decrease and increase from the equator to the poles, according to fixed laws, he thus enumerates:—

Palms.	Lianes or Twining Rope Plants.
Plantains or Bananas.	
Malvaceæ and Bombaceæ.	Aloe form.
	Gramineæ.
Mimosæ.	Ferns.
Ericeæ or Heath form.	Liliaceæ.
Cactus form.	Willow form.
Orchideæ.	Myrtaceæ.
Casuarineæ.	Melastomaceæ.
Needle Trees.	Laurel form.
Pothos and Aroidiæ.	

The *Palms* have been universally regarded as the loftiest, noblest, and most beautiful of all vegetable forms. Their gigantic, slender, ringed, and occasionally prickly stems, sometimes 192 feet high, terminate in an aspiring and shining foliage, either fan-like or pinnated, with leaves frequently curled like some of the grasses. In receding from the equator they diminish in height and beauty. The true climate of palms is under a mean annual temperature of from 78° to 81½°. The date variety lives, but does not thrive, in a mean temperature of from 59° to 62½°. In some species of the flower, sheath opens suddenly with an audible sound.

The *Palms* are everywhere accompanied by *Plantains* or *Bananas*, groves of which form the ornaments of moist localities in the regions of the equator. Their stems are low, succulent, and almost herbaceous, and are surmounted by long and bright green silky leaves, of a texture thin and loose. Noble and beautiful in shape, they adorn the habitation of man, while they form the principal article of his subsistence under the torrid zone.

The *Malvaceæ* and *Bombaceæ* have trunks enormously thick;—leaves large, soft, and woolly, and superb flowers often of a purple or crimson color. The Buobab, or monkey bread tree, belongs to this group. It is 32 feet in diameter, but moderately high, and it is probably the largest and most ancient organic monument on our planet. The Mexican hand tree, (cheirostemus platanoides,) with its long curved anthers projecting beyond the fine purple blossom, causing it to resemble a hand or claw, belongs to this group. Throughout the Mexican States, this one highly ancient tree is the only existing individual of this extraordinary race, and is supposed to be a stranger planted about five centuries ago by the kings of Toluca.

The *Mimosæ*, including the acacia, desmanthus, gleditschia, porleria, tamarindus, &c., are never found in the temperate zone of the Old World, though they occur in the United States. They frequently exhibit that umbrella-like arrangement of the branches which is seen in the Italian stone-pine. The deep blue of the tropic sky seen

through their finely divided foliage, has an extremely picturesque effect. The irritability of the African sensitive plant is mentioned by Theophrastus and Pliny. The most excitable is the Mimosa pudica, and next to it the Dormiens, the somniens, and the somniculosa.

The *Ericeæ* or *Heaths* appear to be limited to only one side of our planet, covering large tracts from the plains of Germany, France, and Britain, to the extremity of Norway. They adorn Italy, and are luxuriant on the Peak of Teneriffe; but the most varied assemblage of species occurs in the south of Africa. They are entirely wanting in Australia, and of the 300 known species, only one has been discovered across the whole of America, from Pennsylvania and Labrador to Nootka and Alashka.

The *Cactus* form is almost wholly American, and Humboldt observes, that "there is hardly anything in vegetable physiognomy which makes so singular and ineffaceable an impression on a newly arrived person as the sight of an arid plain thickly covered like those of Cremona, New Barcelona, with columnar and candelabra-like elevated cactus stems." The forms of the cactus are sometimes spherical, sometimes pointed, and sometimes they are shaped like tall polygonal columns, resembling the pipes of an organ. In the arid plains of South America, the melon cactus supplies a refreshing juice to the animal tribes, though the plant is half-buried in the sand, and encased with prickles. The columnar cactus carries its stems to the height of 30 or 32 feet, dividing into candelabra-like branches like the African Euphorbias. The cactus wood is incorruptible, and well fitted for oars.

The *Orchideæ* are remarkable for their bright green succulent leaves, and for the colors and shape of their flowers, sometimes resembling insects, and sometimes birds. The taste for this superbly flowering group of plants became so general, that the brothers Loddiges had in 1848 cultivated 2360 species, and at the end of 1848, Klotzsch reckoned the number of species to be 3545.

The *Casuarineæ* form, leafless and gloomy, with their string-like branches, embrace trees with branches, like the stalks of an equisetaceous plant. It occurs only in India and in the Pacific.

The *Needle Trees*, or *Coniferæ*, including pines, thuias, and cypresses, are rare in the tropics, and inhabit chiefly the regions of the north. There are 312 species of coniferæ now living, and 178 fossil species found in the coal measures, the bunter sandstone, the Keupfer, and the Jurassic formations. Of the 114 species of the genus Pinus which are at present known, not one belongs to the southern hemisphere. The following are the heights of some of the plants of this tree:—

Pinus Grandis, in new California,	224 feet.
Pinus Fremontiana, do. do.,	224 "
Dacrydium cupressinum, New Zealand,	213 "
Araucaria excelsa, Norfolk Island,	224 "
——— imbricata, Chili,	234-260 "
Pinus Lambertiana,	224-239 "
Pinus Douglassii,*	245 feet.
Pinus Trigona,	300 "
Pinus Strobus, New Hampshire,	250-266 "
Sequoia Gigantea, New California,	300 "

As a contrast to these lofty trees, Humboldt mentions the small willow tree, (Salix arctica,) as being only two inches high. The Tristicha hypnoides in only $\frac{27}{1000}$, or less than $\frac{3}{10}$ of an inch, and yet provided with sexual organs, like our oaks and most gigantic trees. The needles of some of the pine trees vary from five inches to a foot in length. The roots of the Taxodium distichum, which is sometimes 128 feet in height and 39 in girth, presents the curious phenomenon of woody excrescences, conical and rounded, and sometimes tabular, which project from 3 to $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet from the ground, and when they are very numerous they have been likened by travellers to the grave-tablets in a Jewish burying-ground. The stumps of white pines exhibit a very singular degree of vitality in their roots. After they have been cut down, they continue for several years to produce fresh layers of wood, and to increase in thickness, without putting forth new shoots, leaves, or branches.

The *Pothos* forms, or *Aroidiæ*, belong to the tropics. These plants clothe parasitically the trunks of aged and decaying forest trees. Their stalks are succulent and herbaceous, and support large leaves. The flowers of the aroidiæ are cased in hooded sheaths, and some of them during the development of the flower exhibit a very considerable increase of vital heat, about 40° above that of the atmosphere, the increase being, in some, greater in the male than in the female plant. The vital heat which Dutrochet observed to a small extent in other plants, and even among funguses, disappeared at night. Leaves of great size, suspended on long fleshy leaf-stalks, are found in the Nymphæaceæ and Nelumboneæ. The round leaves of the magnificent water plant, the Victoria Regina, discovered in 1837, by Sir Robert Schomburgh, in the river Berbice, are six feet in diameter, and are surrounded by turned-up margins from three to five inches high, their inside being light green, and their outside a bright crimson. The flowers, which have an agreeable perfume, are white and rose-colored, and fifteen inches in diameter, with many hundred petals. About 20 or 30 blossoms may be seen at the same time, within a very small space. According to Poppig, the Euryale Amazonica, which he found near Tefe, had leaves six feet in diameter. The largest known flowers, however, belong to a parasitical plant, the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, discovered in 1818, by Dr. Arnold, in Sumatra. It has a stemless flower, three English feet in diameter, surrounded by large leaf-like scales. "The flower weighs above 14 pounds, and, what is very remarkable, has the smell of beef, like some of the fungi." The largest flowers in the world, says our author, apart from compositæ, (in the Mexican Helianthus

* At three feet above the ground a stem of this tree was 57½ feet in girth.

Annuus,) belong to Rafflesia Arnoldi, Aristolochia, Datura, Barringtonia, Gustavia, Carolinea, Lecythis, Nymphæa, Nelumbium, Victoria Regina, Magnolia, Cactus, and the Orchideous and Liliaceous plants.

The *Lianes*, or tropical twining rope plant, correspond with the twining hops and grape-vines in the temperate latitudes. In the tropical region of the south these climbers render the forests so impenetrable to man, accessible to and habitable by the monkey tribe, and by the cercoleptes and small tiger-cats, who mount them and descend by them with wonderful agility, and pass by their help from tree to tree. In this manner whole herds of gregarious monkeys often cross streams which would otherwise be impassable. On the Orinoco, the leafless branches of the Bauhinias, often 40 or 50 feet long, hang down perpendicularly from the lofty top of the Swietenia, and they sometimes stretch themselves in oblique directions, like the cordage of a ship. Among the twining plants we may mention the Passifloras, with their beautiful and many colored blossoms, and the aristolochia cordata, which has a crimson-colored flower seventeen inches in diameter. In South America, on the banks of the river Magdalena, there is found a climbing aristolochia, with flowers four feet in circumference, which the young Indians draw over their heads in sport, and wear as hats or helmets. Many of the twining plants have a very peculiar aspect, occasioned by the square shape of their stems, by flattenings not produced by external pressure, and by ribband-like wavings. Adrian Jussieu has exhibited, in very beautiful drawings, the cruciform and Mosaic figures seen in cross sections of the Bignonias and Banisterias, arising from the mutual pressure and penetration of the circumtwining stems.

Regarding the form of *Gramineæ* as "an expression of cheerfulness and of airy grace, and tremulous lightness, combined with lofty stature," our author considers the *Aloe* form "as characterized by an almost mournful repose and immobility." The groves of bamboo, both in the East and West Indies, form avenues and walks, shaded and overarching. "The smooth polished, and often lightly waving and bending stems of these singular grasses, are frequently taller than our alders and oaks. Their glassy polish is owing to the quantity of silex in their bark, which, by a species of extravasation, as in the gouty secretions of the human frame, form that singular substance called *tabasheer*, which may be heard rattling within the joints of the bamboo, when the plant has been cut down." We have ourselves frequently opened these joints, and taken out this beautiful opalescent and dichroitic mineral, which is blue by reflected, and yellow by transmitted light. We have been informed, on high authority, that in severe storms, forests of bamboo in India have been set on fire, by the mutual friction or collision of their flinty stems.* The genus Bambusa is entirely wanting in the new continent, where it is replaced, as it were, by the guadua, about 60 feet high, discovered by Humboldt and Bonpland. The Bambusa flowers so abundantly, that in Mysore and Orissa the seeds are mixed with honey, and eaten like rice. Dr. Joseph Hooker mentions it as a rare property of one of the gramineæ—the trisetum subspicatum—that it is the only Arctic species he knows which is equally an inhabitant of the opposite Polar regions.

The form of *Ferns*, like that of grasses, is "ennobled in the northern parts of the globe." The number of species amounts to 3250.

Arborescent ferns, when they reach a height of above forty feet, have something of a palm-like appearance, but their stems are less slender, shorter, and more rough and scaly, than those of palms. Their foliage is more delicate, of a thinner and more translucent texture, and the minutely indented margins of the fronds are finely and sharply cut. Tree ferns belong almost entirely to the tropical zone, but in that zone they seek by preference the more tempered heat of a moderate elevation above the level of the sea, and mountains two or three thousand feet high may be regarded as their principal seat. In South America the arborescent ferns are usually found associated with the tree which has conferred such benefits on mankind by its fever-healing bark. Both indicate by their presence the happy regions where reigns a soft perpetual spring. —Vol. ii., p. 28.

The *Liliaceous* plants, which have their principal seat in Africa, are distinguished by their flag-like leaves, and superb blossoms. They are represented by the genera Amaryllis, Ixia, Gladiolus, and Pancratium. In Africa they are assembled into masses, and determine the aspect and character of the country; whereas, in the new world, the superb alstromeriæ and species of pancratium, Hæmanthus and crinum are dispersed, and are less social than the Irideæ of Europe.

The plants of the *Willow* form, represented generally by the willow itself, and on the elevated plains of Quito, and in so far only as the shape of the leaves, and the ramifications are concerned, by the Schinus molle. There are 150 different species spread over the northern hemisphere, from the Equator to Lapland. There is a greater similarity in the physiognomy of this tribe in different climates than even in the Coniferæ. From the catkins of the male flower of some Egyptian species, a medicine called willow water (aqua salicis) is distilled, and much used. On the banks of the Orange river in Africa, the leaves and young shoots of the S. hirsuta and mucronata form the food of the hippopotamus.

The *Myrtaceæ*, with their elegant forms, and their stiff, shining, small leaves, studded with transparent spots, give a peculiar character to the Mediterranean islands, the continent of New Holland, and the intertropical region of the Andes, partly low, and partly about 10,000 feet high.

* Our author has forgotten, for he is well acquainted with the subject, to notice these singular facts concerning Tabasheer, and the silicious character of the bamboo. Our readers will find ample details respecting the optical and physical properties of Tabasheer, in a paper, by the author of this article, in the *Phil. Trans.* for 1819, p. 283.

Trees belonging to the group of Myrtaceæ, "produce partially, either where the leaves are replaced by leaf-stalk leaves, or by the peculiar disposition or direction of the leaves relatively to the unswollen leaf-stalk, a distribution of stripes of light and shade, unknown in our forests of round-leaved trees." This optical effect surprised the earlier botanical travellers, but our distinguished countryman, Mr. Robert Brown, showed that it was owing to the leaf-stalks of the Acacia longifolia, and A. suaveolens, being expanded in a vertical direction and from the circumstance that the light, instead of falling on horizontal surfaces, falls on, and passes between vertical ones.

The other forms to which our author attaches importance, in reference to the physiognomic study of plants, are the *Melastomaceæ*, comprising "the genera melastoma (Fothergilla and Tococca Aubl.) and Rhexia, (Meriana and osbeckia)," which have been superbly illustrated by Bonpland; and the *Laurel* form group, embracing "the genera of Laurus and Persea, the ocoteæ, so numerous in South America, and (on account of physiognomic resemblance) Calophyllum, and the superb aspiring *Mammea* from among the Guttiferæ."

This interesting chapter of "The Aspects of Nature" is closed with some of those general views which our author never fails to clothe with the richest drapery of language and sentiment. After suggesting as an enterprise, worthy of a great artist, to study the aspect and character of all these vegetable forms, not only in hot-houses,* and in botanical descriptions, but in their native grandeur in the tropics, and pointing out the value to the landscape painter, of "a work which should present to the eye, first separately, and then in combination and contrast, the leading forms which have here been enumerated," he concludes the subject in the following manner:—

It is the artist's privilege, having studied these groups, to analyze them, and thus in his hands, the grand and beautiful form of nature which he would portray, resolves itself, (if I may venture on the expression,) like the other works of men, into a few simple elements.

It is under the burning rays of a tropical sun that vegetation displays its most majestic forms. In the cold north the bark of trees is covered with lichens and mosses, whilst between the tropics the Cymbidium and fragrant vanilla enliven the trunks of the Anacardias, and of the gigantic fig-trees. The fresh verdure of the Pothos leaves, and of the Dracontias, contrasts with the many colored flowers of the Orchideæ. Climbing Bauhinias, Passifloras, and yellow flowering Banisterias, twine round the trunks of the forest trees. Delicate blossoms spring from the roots of the Theobroma, and form the thick and rough bark of the Crescentias and the Gustavia. * * *

In the tropics vegetation is generally of a fresher verdure, more luxuriant and succulent, and adorned with larger and more shining leaves than in our northern climates. The "social" plants, which often impart so uniform and monotonous a character to European countries, are almost entirely absent in the equatorial regions. Trees almost as lofty as our oaks are adorned with flowers as large and as beautiful as our lilies. * * *

The great elevation attained in several tropical countries, not only by single mountains, but even by extensive districts, enables the inhabitants of the torrid zone—surrounded by palms, bananas, and the other beautiful forms proper to these latitudes—to behold also those vegetable forms which, demanding a cooler temperature, would seem to belong to other zones. Elevation above the level of the sea gives this cooler temperature, even in the hottest parts of the earth; and Cypresses, Pines, Oaks, Berberries and Alders, (nearly allied to our own,) cover the mountainous districts, and elevated plains of Southern Mexico, and the chain of the Andes at the equator. Thus it is given to man in those regions to behold, without quitting his native land, all the forms of vegetation dispersed over the globe, and all the shining worlds which stud the heavenly vault from pole to pole.

These, and many other of the enjoyments which nature affords, are wanting to the nations of the North. Many constellations, and many vegetable forms—and of the latter those which are most beautiful, (palm-tree ferns, plantains, arborescent grasses, and the finely divided feathery foliage of the mimosas,) remain forever unknown to them. Individual plants, languishing in our hot-houses, can give but a very faint idea of the majestic vegetation of the tropical zone. But the high cultivation of our languages, the glowing fancy of the poet, and the imitative art of the painter, open to us sources whence flow abundant compensations, and from whence our imagination can derive the living images of that more vigorous nature which other climes display. In the frigid north, in the midst of the barren heath, the solitary student can appreciate mentally, all that has been discovered in the most distant regions, and can create within himself a world, free and imperishable, as the spirit by which it is conceived.—Pp. 29–31.

The chapter which closes with the preceding passage is followed by a dissertation of much interest, "on the structure and mode of action of Volcanoes in different parts of the globe." Although the multiplication of voyages and travels has exercised a greater influence on the study of organic nature, viz., of botany and zoology, than upon the study of the inorganic bodies which compose the crust of the earth, yet each zone of the earth derives a peculiar physiognomy from the living

* Would it not be an enterprise worthy of the wealth and liberality of our public-spirited nobility and country gentlemen, to fill their hot-houses and green-houses, not with the rare plants, which all their neighbors have, but with groups of plants from particular zones, or regions of the globe, or belonging to different natural families or classes. Forest trees, and arborescent plants, which have been acclimated in our island, might in like manner be gathered into local groups, and in the private collections of a single county, botanists, landscape painters, artists, gardeners, and amateurs, might study the whole flora of the globe. A subdivision of labor has now become necessary in every department of intellectual culture. Omniscience in philosophy or science is knowledge in a state of extreme dilution, useless to the world, and gratifying only to the vanity of its possessor. The piles upon which rest the temple of science could never have been driven had they been endowed with many heads; he that has driven one to the rock beneath, may rest from his labor, and be sure that his works will follow him. A subdivision of toil in the collection of objects of natural history, of antiquities, and of art, would do much to promote the advancement of these important branches of secular knowledge.

forms, which are either fixed or movable upon its surface. But we find on either hemisphere, from the equator to the poles, the same kind of rocks associated in groups, and the traveller "often recognizes with joy the argillaceous schists of his birthplace, and the rocks which were familiar to his eye in his native land." Geological science, however, has derived great advantages from its study under different climates. Although in any single and extensive system of mountains we find, more or less distinctly represented, all the inorganic materials which form the solid carpentry of the globe, yet observations in distant regions are necessary in studying the composition, the relative age, and the origin of rocks. Our knowledge of the structure and form of volcanoes was, till the end of the last century, drawn principally from Vesuvius and Ætna, though the basin of the Mediterranean afforded better means of studying the nature and action of these fiery cones. Among the Sporades trachytic rocks have been upraised, at three different times, in three centuries. Near Methone, in the Peloponnesus, a "monte nuovo," seen by Strabo and by Dodwell, is higher than the new volcano of Jorullo in Mexico, and Humboldt found it "surrounded with several thousand small basaltic cones, protruded from the earth, and still smoking." Volcanic fires also break out at Ischia, on the Monte Epomeo; and, according to ancient relations, lavas have flowed from fissures, suddenly opened, in the Lelantine plain, near Chalcis. On the shores of the Mediterranean, too, on several parts of the mainland of Greece, in Asia Minor, and in Auvergne, and round the plain of Lombardy, there are numerous examples of volcanic action. From these facts our author has drawn the conclusion, "that the basin of the Mediterranean, with its series of islands, might have offered to an attentive observer much that has been recently discovered, under various forms, in South America, Teneriffe, and the Aleutian Islands, near the polar circle." "The objects to be observed," he continues, "were assembled within a moderate distance; yet distant voyages, and the comparison of extensive regions, in and out of Europe, have been required for the clear perception and recognition of the resemblance between volcanic phenomena and their dependence on each other."

In different parts of the globe we find assemblages of volcanoes in various rounded groups, or in double lines, and we have thus the most conclusive evidence that their cause is deeply seated in the earth. All the American volcanoes are on the western coast opposite to Asia, nearly in a meridional direction, and extending 7200 geographical miles. Humboldt regards the whole plateau of Quito, whose summits are the volcanoes of Pinchincha, Cotapaxi, and Tunguragua, as *a single volcanic furnace*. The internal fire rushes out sometimes by one and sometimes by another vent; and in proof of the fact that there are subterranean communications between "fire emitting openings," at great distances from each other, he mentions the circumstance, that in 1797, the volcano of Pasto emitted a lofty column of smoke for three months continuously, and that it disappeared at the very instant, when, at the distance of 240 miles, "the great earthquake of Riobamba, and the immense eruption of mud called 'Moya' took place, causing the death of between thirty and forty thousand persons." In proof of the same fact, he adduces the sudden emergence from the sea near the Azores of the island of Sabrina, on the 30th of January, 1811, which was followed by those terrible internal commotions which, from May, 1811, to June, 1813, shook almost incessantly the West India islands, the plains of the Ohio and Mississippi, and the opposite coast of Venezuela or Caraccas. In the course of a month after this, the principal city of that province was destroyed. On the 30th April, 1811, the slumbering volcano of the island of St. Vincent broke forth, and at the very moment the explosion took place, a loud subterranean noise, like that of great pieces of ordnance, which spread terror over an area of 35,000 square miles, was heard at the distance of 628 miles from St. Vincent. The phenomena which accompanied the celebrated earthquake at Lisbon, on the 1st November, 1755, lead to the same conclusion. At the very time it took place, the lakes of Switzerland, and the sea upon the Swedish coast, were violently agitated; and at Martinique, Antigua, and Barbadoes, where the tide never exceeds thirty inches, the sea suddenly rose upwards of *twenty feet*.

In the remaining portion of this interesting chapter, our author directs our attention chiefly to the phenomena which accompanied the last great eruption of Vesuvius, on the night of the 22d October, 1822. It had been supposed by several writers that the crater of Vesuvius had undergone an entire change from preceding eruptions; but our author has shown that this is not the case, and that the error had arisen from the observers having confounded "the outlines of the margin of the crater with those of the cones of eruption, accidentally formed in the middle of the crater, on its floor or bottom, which has been upheaved by vapors." During the period from 1816–1818, such a cone had gradually risen above the south-eastern margin of the crater, and the eruption of February, 1822, had raised it about 112 feet above the north-west margin. This singular cone, which from Naples appeared to be a true summit of the mountain, fell in with a dreadful noise on the eruption of the 22d October, 1822, "so that the floor of the crater, which had been constantly accessible since 1811, is now almost 800 feet lower than the northern, and 218 lower than the southern edge of the volcano."

In the last eruption, on the night of the 23d to to the 24th October, 1822, twenty-four hours after the falling in of the great cone of scoriæ, which has been mentioned, and when the small but numerous currents of lava had already flowed off, the fiery eruption of ashes and rapilli commenced: it continued without intermission for twelve days, but was greatest in the first four days. During this period the detonations in the interior of the volcano

were so violent, that the mere concussion of the air (for no earthquake movement was perceived) rent the ceilings of the rooms in the palace of Portici. In the neighboring villages of Resina, Torre del Greco, Torre del Annunziata, and Bosche tre Case, a remarkable phenomenon was witnessed. Throughout the whole of that part of the country the air was so filled with ashes as to cause in the middle of the day profound darkness, lasting for several hours; lanterns were carried in the streets, as had often been done in Quito during the eruptions of Pinchincha. The flight of the inhabitants had never been more general. Lava currents are regarded, by those who dwell near Vesuvius, with less dread than an eruption of ashes, a phenomenon which had never been known to such a degree in modern times; and the obscure tradition of the manner in which the destruction of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiæ, took place, filled the imaginations of men with appalling images.* The hot aqueous vapors which rose from the crater during the eruption, and spread themselves in the atmosphere, formed, in cooling, a dense cloud, surrounding the column of fire and ashes which rose to a height of between nine and ten thousand feet. * * * * Flashes of forked lightning, issuing from the columns of ashes, darted in every direction, and the rolling thunders were distinctly heard, and distinguished from the sounds which proceeded from the interior of the volcano. In no other eruption had the play of the electric forces formed so striking a feature.

On the morning of the 26th October, a surprising rumor prevailed, that a torrent of boiling water was gushing from the crater, and pouring down the slope of the cone of ashes. Monticelli soon discovered that this was an optical illusion. It was in reality a flow of dry ashes, which, being loose and movable as shifting sand, issued in large quantities from a crevice in the upper margin of the crater.—Pp. 229, 230.

Owing to the thunderstorm noticed in this extract, an abundant and violent fall of rain took place, and as the rain is heaviest above the cone of ashes, torrents of mud descend from it in every direction; and when the summit of the volcano is in the region of perpetual snow, the melting of the snow produces very disastrous inundations. At the foot of volcanoes, too, and on their flanks, there are frequently vast cavities, which, having a communication by many channels with mountain torrents, become subterranean lakes or reservoirs of water. When earthquakes, as happens in the Andes, shake the entire mass of the volcano, these reservoirs are opened, discharging water, fishes, and mud. On the 19th June, 1698, when the Carguairazo, to the north of Chimborazo, and upwards of 19,000 feet high, fell in, an area of nearly thirty square miles was covered with mud and fishes!

Vesuvius, and other similar volcanoes, have permanent communications, by means of their craters, with the interior of the earth. They alternately break forth and slumber, and often "end by becoming solfataras, emitting aqueous vapors, gases, and acids." There is, however, another and a rarer class, which are closely connected with the earliest revolutions of our planet. Trachytic mountains open suddenly, emit lava and ashes, and close again perhaps forever. The gigantic mountain of Antisana on the Andes, and Monte Epomeo in Ischia, in 1302, are examples of that phenomenon. Eruptions of this kind sometimes take place in the plains, as happened in Quito, in Iceland, at a distance from Hecla, and in Eubœa in the Lelantine fields. Many of the islands upheaved from the sea belong to the same class. The communication of the external opening with the interior of the earth is not permanent, and as soon as the cleft or opening closes, the volcanic action wholly ceases. Humboldt is of opinion that "veins or dykes of basalt, dolerite, and porphyry, which traverse almost all formations, and that masses of syenite, augitic porphyry, and amygdaloid, which characterize the recent transition and oldest sedimentary rocks—have probably been formed in a similar manner."

That the earth is a melted mass at no very great depth below its surface, is placed beyond a doubt, not only by the preceding facts, but by a great mass of observations collected by Humboldt and Arago, on the increase of temperature as we descend into the bowels of the earth. "The primitive cause of this subterranean heat is, as in all planets, the process of formation itself, the separation of the spherically condensing mass from a cosmical gaseous fluid, and the cooling of the terrestrial strata at different depths by the loss of heat parted with by radiation. * * * * Elastic vapors press the molten oxydizing substances upwards through deep fissures. Volcanoes might thus be termed intermitting springs or fountains of earthy substances; that is, of the fluid mixture of metals, alkalis, and earths, which solidify into lava currents, and flow softly and tranquilly, when being upheaved they find a passage by which to escape."

Our author concludes this instructive section with a speculation which he himself characterizes as bold; the object of which is to explain, by means of the internal heat of our globe, the existence, in a fossil state, of the tropical forms of animals and plants in the cold regions of the globe. This hitherto unexplained fact has been ascribed to various causes—to a change in the obliquity of the ecliptic by the approach of a comet, and to a change in the intensity in the sun's light and heat. We have been led to suppose that, as the two poles of maximum cold are nearly coincident with the magnetic poles, they may partake in their revolution, and thus make the warm and the cold meridians, which are now proved to exist, occupy in succession every position on the earth's surface; and that variations in the forces or causes by which that cold is produced, may produce a still further variation of temperature.*

Everywhere, (says our author,) the ancient world shows a distribution of organic forms at vari-

* The thickness of the bed of ashes which fell during the twelve days was little above three feet on the slope of the cones, and only about eighteen inches on the planes. This is the greatest fall of ashes since the eruption of Vesuvius, which occasioned the death of the elder Pliny.

* Edinburgh Transactions, vol. ix., pp. 211, 212.

ance with our present climate. * * * * It may be that, in the ancient world, exhalations of heat issuing forth from the many openings of the deeply-fissured crust of the globe, may have favored, perhaps, for centuries, the growth of palms and tree-ferns, and the existence of animals requiring a high temperature, over entire countries where now a very different climate prevails. According to this view of things, the temperature of volcanoes would be that of the interior of the earth; and the same cause, which, operating through volcanic eruptions, now produces devastating effects, might, in primeval ages, have clothed the deeply fissured rocks of the newly oxydized earth, in every zone, with the most luxuriant vegetation.

If, in order to explain the distribution of tropical forms whose remains are now buried in northern regions, it should be assumed that the long-haired species of elephant now found enclosed in ice, was originally indigenous in cold climates, and that forms resembling the same leading type may, as in the case of lions and lynxes, have been able to live in wholly different climates; still this solution of the difficulty presented by fossil remains cannot be extended so as to apply to vegetable productions. From reasons with which the study of vegetable physiology makes us acquainted, palms, musaceæ, and arborescent monocotyledones, are incapable of supporting the deprivation of their appendicular organs, which would be caused by the present temperature of our northern regions; and in the geological problem which we have to examine, it appears to me difficult to separate vegetable and animal remains from each other. The same mode of explanation ought to comprehend both.—Vol. ii., pp. 239, 241.

The next chapter of the "Aspects of Nature" is one of seven pages, entitled, "The *Vital Force*, or the *Rhodian Genius*." It was first printed in Schiller's *Horæ* for 1795, and contains "the development of a physiological idea in a semi-mythical garb." In an earlier work, our author had defined the vital force as "the unknown cause which prevents the elements from following their original affinities;" and he endeavors to illustrate this position by the following story:—A picture, called the Rhodian Genius, was brought to Syracuse from Greece, and was supposed to be the work of the same artist who cast the Colossus of Rhodes. It was placed in the Gallery of Paintings and Sculpture, and excited much difference of opinion, both respecting its author and its object. On the foreground were youths and maidens, handsome and graceful, but unclothed, and expressing in their features and movements only the desires and sorrows of an earthly habitation. Their arms outstretched to each other indicated "their desire of union;" but they turned their troubled looks towards a halo-encircled Genius who stood in the midst of them. On his shoulder was a butterfly, and in his hand a lighted torch. Though childlike in his form and aspect, a celestial fire animated his glance, and he gazed as with the eye of a master upon the gay throng at his feet. The object of the picture became a problem, which philosophers and connoisseurs strove to solve. "Some regarded the Genius as the personification of Spiritual Love forbidding the enjoyment of sensual pleasure; others said, that it was the assertion of the Empire of Reason over Desire." A collection of pictures having arrived from Rhodes, there was found among them the companion or pendant of the Rhodian Genius. The Genius was still the central figure; but his head was now drooping. The butterfly was no longer on his shoulder; and his torch was inverted and extinguished. "The youths and maidens pressing around him had met and embraced. Their glance, no longer sad and subdued, announced, on the contrary, emancipation from restraint, and the fulfilment of long-cherished desires."

The companion picture afforded no clue to the solution of the problem; and in this crisis of baffled ingenuity and disappointed curiosity, Dionysius ordered the picture, along with a faithful copy of the Rhodian Genius, to be carried to the house of Epicharmus, a Pythagorean philosopher, who fixed his eyes upon the picture, and thus addressed his disciples:—

As living beings are compelled by natural desires to salutary and fruitful union, so the raw materials of inorganic matter are moved by similar impulses. * * * Thus the fire of heaven follows metal—iron obeys the attraction of the loadstone—amber rubbed takes up light substances—earth mixes with earth—salt collects together from the water of the sea—and the acid moisture of the Stypteria, as well as the flocculent salt of Trichitis, love the clay of Melos. In inanimate nature, all things hasten to unite with each other, according to their particular laws. Hence no terrestrial element is to be found anywhere in its pure and primitive state. Each, as soon as formed, tends to enter into new combinations, and the art of man is needed to disjoin and present in a separated state substances which you would seek in vain in the interior of the earth, and in the fluid ocean of air and water. In dead inorganic matter, entire inactivity and repose reign, so long as the bands of affinity continue undissolved, so long as no third substance comes to join itself to the others; but even then the action and disturbance produced are soon again succeeded by unfruitful repose.

It is otherwise, however, when the same substances are brought together in the bodies of plants and animals. In these the vital force of power reigns supreme, and regardless of the mutual amity or enmity of the atoms recognized by Democritus, commands the union of substances which, in inanimate nature, shun each other, and separates those which are ever seeking to enter into combination.

Now come nearer to me, my friends; look with me on the first of the pictures before us, and recognize in the Rhodian Genius, in the expression of youthful energy, in the butterfly on his shoulder, and in the commanding glance of his eye, the symbol of vital force animating each individual germ of the organic creation. At the feet are the earthy elements desiring to mix and unite conformably to their particular tendencies. The Genius, holding aloft his lighted torch with commanding gesture, controls and constrains them, without regard to their ancient rights, to obey his laws.

Now view with me the new picture which the

Tyrant has sent to me for explanation; turn your eyes from the image of life to that of death. The butterfly has left its former place and soars upwards, the extinguished torch is reversed, the head of the youth has sunk, the spirit has fled to other spheres, and the vital force is dead. Now the youths and maidens joyfully join hands, the earthy substances resume their ancient rights; they are free from the chains that bound them, and follow impetuously after long restraint the impulse to union. Thus inert matter animated awhile by vital force passes through an innumerable diversity of forms, and perhaps in the same substance which once enshrined the spirit of Pythagoras, a poor worm may have enjoyed a momentary existence.—Vol. ii., pp. 255-257.

The closing chapter of Baron Humboldt's work contains an account of the Plateau of Caxamarca, the ancient capital of the Inca Atahualpa, and describes the first view of the Pacific Ocean as seen from the crest of the Andes. After mentioning the Quina (or fever bark*) producing forests in the valleys of Loxa, and the alpine vegetation and mountain wildernesses of the Paramos, our author describes the gigantic remains of the ancient artificial roads of the Incas of Peru, which formed a line of communication through all the provinces of the empire, extending more than a thousand English miles. The road itself is 21 feet wide, and above a deep understructure was paved with well cut blocks of blackish trap porphyry. Station-houses, of hewn stone, are built at nearly equal distances, forming a kind of caravanserai. In the pass called the Paramo del Assuay, the road rises to the height of 15,526 feet, almost equal to that of Mont Blanc. Across the wide and arid plains between the Pacific and the Andes, and also over the ridges of the Cordilleras, these two great Peruvian roads, or systems of roads, are covered with flat stones, or "sometimes even with cemented gravel, (Macadamized.)" The roads crossed the rivers and ravines by three kinds of bridges, "viz., those of stone, wood, and rope, and there were also aqueducts for bringing water to the caravanserais and to the fortresses." As wheel-carriages were not then used upon roads, they were occasionally interrupted by long flights of steps, provided with resting-places at suitable intervals. Along with their grand artificial paths, the Peruvians possessed a highly improved postal system. These splendid remains of the Incas, however, have been wantonly destroyed, and Humboldt mentions that, in one day's journey, they were obliged to wade through the Rio de Guancabamba *twenty-seven* times, while they continually saw near them the remains of the high-built roads, with their caravanserais. In the lower part of the same river, which, with its many falls and rapids, runs into the Amazons, our author was amused with the singular contrivance of a "Swimming Post," for the conveyance of correspondence with the coast of the Pacific. A young Indian, who usually discharges this important duty, swims in two days from Pomahuaco to Tomependa, carrying the few letters from Truxillo, which are intended for the province of Jaen de Bracamora. The letters are carefully placed in a large cotton handkerchief, which he winds round his head in the manner of a turban. He then descends the Rio de Chamaya, (the lower part of the Guancabamba,) and then the Amazons. When he reaches waterfalls, he quits the river and makes a circuit through the woods. In this fatiguing voyage the Indian sometimes throws one arm round a piece of a very light kind of wood, and he has sometimes the advantage of a swimming companion. They carry no provisions, as they are always sure of a hospitable reception in any of the scattered huts surrounded with fruit trees, which abound in the beautiful Huertas de Pucara and Cavico. Letters thus carried are seldom either wetted or lost and Humboldt mentions, that soon after his return from Mexico to Europe, he received letters from Tomependa, which had been bound on the brow of the swimming post. The "Correo que nada," as he is called, returns by land by the difficul route of the Paramo del Paredon. Several tribes of wild Indians, who reside on the banks of the Upper Amazons, are accustomed to travel "by swimming down the stream sociably in parties." Humboldt had an "opportunity of seeing in this manner in the bed of the river the heads of 30 or 40 persons, (men, women, and children,) of the tribe of the Xibaros, on their arrival at Tomependa."

When the travellers approached the hot climate of the basin of the Amazons, they were delighted with the splendid orange trees, sweet and bitter, of the Huertas de Pucara. "Laden with many thousands of their golden fruit, they attain a height of from 60 to 64 feet, and instead of rounded tops or crowns, they have aspiring branches like a laurel or bay tree."

Not far hence, (says Humboldt,) near the Ford of Cavico, we were surprised by a very unexpected sight. We saw a grove of small trees, only about 18 or 19 feet high, which, instead of green, had apparently perfectly red or rose-colored leaves. It was a new species of Bougainvillæa, a genus first established by the elder Jussieu from a Brazilian specimen in Commerson's herbarium. The trees were almost entirely without true leaves, as what we took for leaves at a distance proved to be thickly crowded bracteas. The appearance was altogether different in the purity and freshness of the color from the autumnal tints which, in many of our forest trees, adorn the woods of the temperate zone at the season of the fall of the leaf. * * * We often found here the *Porlieria hygrometrica*, which, by the closing of the leaflets of its finely pinnated foliage, foretells an impending change of weather, and especially the approach of rain, much better than any of the Mimosaceæ. It very rarely deceived us.—Vol. ii., pp. 279, 280.

As night was closing upon our travellers, when they were ascending the eastern declivity of the Cordilleras, they arrived at an elevated

* *The Cinchona Condaminia* (*officinalis.*) This beautiful tree, though only six inches in diameter, often attains a height of sixty feet. The bark was introduced into Europe in 1632 or 1640.

plain where the argentiferous mountains of Gualgayoc, the chief locality of the celebrated Silver Mines of Chota, afforded them a remarkable spectacle. The cerro of Gualgayoc, an isolated mass of silicious rock, stands like an enchanted castle, separated by a deep ravine from the limestone mountains of Cormolatsche. It is traversed by innumerable veins of silver, and terminated on the N. W. by a nearly perpendicular precipice. "Besides being perforated to its summit by many hundred galleries driven in every direction, this mountain presents also natural openings in the mass of the silicious rock, through which the intensely dark blue sky of those elevated regions is visible to a spectator standing at the foot of the mountain. These openings are popularly called windows," and "similar ones were pointed out to us in the trachytic walls of the volcano of Pinchincha."

On their way to the ancient city of Caxamarca, Humboldt and his companions had to cross a succession of Paramos at the height of about 10,000 feet above the sea, before they reached the Paramo de Yanaguanga, from which they looked down upon the fertile valley of Caxamarca, containing in its oval area about 112 English square miles. The town stands almost as high as the city of Quito, but being encircled by mountains, it enjoys a far milder climate. The fort and palace of Atahualpa exist only in a few ruins. The warm baths of Pultamarca, at which the Inca spent a part of the year, have a temperature of 156° Fahrenheit, and are seen in the distance. The town is adorned with a few churches, a state prison, and a municipal building, erected upon part of the ruins of the palace. On the porphyritic rock upon which the palace stood, a shaft has been sunk which formerly led into subterranean chambers, and to a gallery said to extend to the other porphyritic dome of Santa Polonia. The room is yet shown where Atahualpa was imprisoned for nine months from November, 1532, and the mark on the wall is still pointed out to show the height to which he offered to fill the room with gold in bars, plates, and vessels, if set free. In order to avoid being burnt alive, the Inca consented to be baptized by his fanatical persecutor, the Dominican monk, Vincente de Valverde. He was strangled publicly in the open air, and at the mass for the dead the brothers Pizarro were present in mourning habits.* The population of Caxamarca did not, at the time of our author's visit, exceed seven or eight thousand inhabitants.

* It is with some reluctance that, in imitation of Humboldt, we throw into the obscurity of a note, a specimen of court etiquette at the palace of the Incas. "In conformity," says our author, "with a highly ancient court ceremonial, Atahualpa spat, not on the ground, but into the hand of one of the principal ladies present;"—"all," says Garcilaso, "on account of his majesty."—Vol. ii., p. 314. When the possessors of a little brief authority thus degrade their office and their race, we feel that they have withdrawn themselves from the sphere of human sympathies, and we almost forget the cruelties of the Spaniards when we find them perpetrated against bipeds like Atahualpa.

After leaving the sea, the travellers ascended a height about 10,000 feet high, and were "struck with the sight of two grotesquely shaped porphyritic summits, Aroma and Cunturcaga, which consisted of five, six, or seven solid columns, some of them jointed, and from thirty-seven to forty-two feet high." Owing to the distribution of the often converging series of columns of the Cerro Aroma placed one above another, "it resembles a two-storied building, which, moreover, is surmounted by a dome or cupola of non-columnar rock."

It had been the earliest wish of our author to obtain a view of the Pacific from the crest of the Andes. He had listened as a boy to the adventurous expedition of Vasco Nunez de Balboa, the first European who beheld the eastern part of the Pacific Ocean, and he was now about to gratify this longing desire of his youth. When they had reached the highest part of the mountain by the Alto de Guangamarca, the heavens suddenly became clear, and the western declivity of the Cordilleras, covered with quartz blocks fourteen feet high, and the plains as far as the seashore near Truxillo, "lay beneath their eyes in astonishing apparent proximity. We saw for the first time the Pacific Ocean itself, and we saw it clearly. * * * * The joy it inspired was vividly shared by my companions, Bonpland and Carlos Montufar," * * * * and the sight "was peculiarly impressive to one who like myself owed a part of the formation of his mind and character, and many of the directions which his wishes had assumed, to intercourse with (George Forster) one of the companions of Cook."

In the preceding analysis of the "Aspects of Nature," we have found it very difficult to do justice either to the author or to ourselves as reviewers. Owing to the great length of the "annotations and additions," which extend to more than twice the length of the original chapters which form the text, we have been under the necessity of incorporating the information contained in both, partly in our own language, and partly in that of the author, and have therefore found it impossible to give such copious and continuous extracts as the reader might have desired. This difficulty, too, has been greatly increased by the admixture of scientific with popular details, and by the use of technical terms which the general reader will sometimes find it difficult to interpret. Regarding the work, however, as one of great value from its science, and great interest from its subject, and as possessing that peculiar charm of language and of sentiment which we look for in vain in similar productions, we cannot withhold the expression of our anxiety that the popular matter in the "annotations and additions" should be incorporated with the original text, and the technical and parenthetic references in the text, either converted into foot notes, or transferred to the "annotations." We should thus have a work truly popular, without losing any of its scientific accuracy.

The translation of Mrs. Sabine is like her translation of *Kosmos*, admirably executed. We are never offended with the harshness of a foreign idiom, and we never discover that the author and the translator are different persons.

We have thus endeavored to give our readers some account of a work full of wisdom and knowledge, written by one of the most distinguished writers and philosophers of the present day, and well fitted to draw our attention to a subject with which every person ought to be familiar. To live upon a world so wonderfully made, without desiring to know its form, its structure, and its purpose—to eat the ambrosia of its gardens, and drink the nectar of its vineyards, without inquiring where, or how, or why they grow—to toil for its gold and its silver, and to appropriate its coal and its iron, without studying their nature and their origin—to tremble under its earthquakes, and stand aghast before its volcanoes, in ignorance of their locality, of their powers, and of their origin—to see and handle the gigantic remains of vegetable and animal life, without understanding when and why they perished—to tread the mountain range, unconscious that it is sometimes composed wholly of the indestructible flinty relics of living creatures, which it requires the most powerful microscope to perceive—to neglect such pursuits as these, would indicate a mind destitute of the intellectual faculty, and unworthy of the life and reason with which we have been endowed. It is only the irreligious man that can blindly gaze upon the loveliness of material nature, without seeking to understand its phenomena and its laws. It is only the ignorant man that can depreciate the value of that true knowledge which is within the grasp of his divine reason; and it is only the presumptuous man who can prefer those speculative studies, before which the strongest intellect quails, and the weakest triumphs. "In wisdom hast Thou made them all," can be the language only of the wise; and it is to the wise only that the heavens can declare the glory of God, and that the firmament can show forth his handiwork. It is the geologist alone who has explored them, that can call upon the "depths of the earth to praise the Lord;" and he "who breaketh the cedars of Lebanon," who "shaketh the wilderness," who "divideth the flames of fire," who "causeth the hinds to calve," and "maketh bare the forest," has imperatively required it from his worshippers, "that in his temple every one should speak of his glory."

From the Examiner.

The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey. Edited by his son, the Rev. CHARLES CUTHBERT SOUTHEY, M.A., Curate of Plumbland, Cumberland. Six vols. Vol. I. Longman and Co.

THE first remark upon the subject of this book is suggested by its title-page. The professional career of the son of Robert Southey is likely to end where it began, unless he receives promotion from that party in the state which his father always strongly opposed. Mr. Cuthbert Southey had taken orders before his father died, and remains still where he then was, with the duties and pittance of a hard-working curate. One would be tempted to ask if he had shown any marked incapacity of intellect or character, but that evidence has been some time before the world of his excellence in both. Mindful of the manner in which church patronage is distributed, we must plainly say of this neglect that it is the reverse of creditable to its authors. It is notorious that the matter was brought before the last ministry, and that among those who then refused a helping hand to lift Southey's son out of a shabby curacy, were men who had offered to raise Southey himself, while their party was yet profiting by his genius, to the empty rank of a baronet. Is it too late for their successors to redeem this reproach by an example of generous homage to the memory of a powerful and honorable opponent?

No one will question that such epithets are justly given to Southey, and that the respect and admiration of all who honor virtue and genius belong to him in his grave. Few men have written so much, and written so well. Few men have passed through a long life, almost always in the public eye, with a more honorable and unstained character, or purposes more free from blame. We may grieve that he so completely threw off the opinions with which he started in his ardent youth; but those were days when opinions of the most resolute men were shaken. Southey at least never forfeited his station or his title to esteem. He did not become a hack, or a party tool; nor did the dignity of literature ever suffer in his person.

This is hardly the time—with so brief a section of his life as yet before us—to speak of the various public claims of Southey. But some things we may say with little dread of dispute. His prose is of the best in the language. It is clear, vigorous, and manly; with no small prettinesses in it, but full and muscular as that of our older and stronger race of writers; and often sparkling with a current of quaint grave humor which is singularly fascinating. His larger poems, however judgments may differ concerning them, are at least written on solid principles, and with a sustained power of art. We are not very certain, indeed, if it might not be put as a good test of the pure love of poetry in any man, that he should like those *Madocs* and *Rodericks* and *Kehamas* and *Joans of Arc*. For a man may adore Wordsworth as a devotee to Wordsworth's system, and may be greedy for Lord Byron as for any other of the stronger stimulants; but if he admires these poems of Southey, it is as efforts of unmixed imagination—as a child might admire whose fancy is only to be touched by the wonderful and beautiful; with the addition that he has a mind to feel the great and elevating thoughts they embody, and thoroughly to appreciate the simplicity which is their groundwork. We take Southey to be a real poet in the sense of Ariosto;

and as to his shorter poems, we apprehend that no difference of opinion is likely to exist, now or in any time to come. They are as fine as anything in the language. His range of literary pursuit was extraordinary, and his unwearied diligence recalled the nobler and severer days of English study.

This first volume of this biography occupies the period 1774—1798, conducting Southey to his twenty-fifth year. It records his early life in Bristol and its neighborhood; his childish companions, privations, and enjoyments; his career at school and at college; his days of doubt and disbelief, excluding him from the church; his speculative opinions, excluding him from his aunt Tyler's house and protection; his unsuccessful attempts to be a doctor, which his tastes forbade, to be a lawyer, which he abandoned for the same reason, and to get a small official employment, to which his republicanism was the impassable bar; his friendships with Grosvenor Bedford, Coleridge, Lovell, Burnet, and Charles Wynne (who gives solid proof of his friendship, as the volume closes, in a voluntary gift of 160*l.* a year;) his marriage and scheme of pantisocracy; his voyage to Lisbon with his uncle Hill, the chaplain of the embassy there; his various ardent and impossible aspirations; and his plans to support himself by lectures, epics, and tragedies, ending in an engagement to write songs for the *Morning Post* at a guinea a week. The volume leaves him living at a pretty little village near Bristol, loving his wife very much, his impracticable opinions considerably softened, publishing letters from Spain and Portugal, preparing *Madoc*, editing the *Annual Anthology*—in short, fairly embarked in those studies of literature which he continued to love sufficiently through life, to find in them a full indemnification for all life's chances and accidents.

Parson Hill describes him best at the pantisocratical period of his life. "He is a very good scholar, of great reading, of an astonishing memory: when he speaks, he does it with fluency; with a great choice of words. He is perfectly correct in his behavior, of the most exemplary morals, and the best of hearts. *In short, he has everything you would wish a young man to have, excepting common sense or prudence.* Were his character different, or his abilities not so extraordinary, I should be the less concerned about him." There is much truth here; and the general impression we receive from these records of him is more favorable even to his consistency than most readers may be prepared to admit. We see that that absence of "common sense and prudence" of opinion does not naturally cohere with the general character of his intellect and tastes. Charges of inconsistency are seldom wise or just, and still more seldom are they generous. We believe in Southey's case (as in others) that he was thrown off his balance, at the critical period of mental development, by the enthusiasm awakened throughout Europe by the first French revolution, and that his exuberant zeal for liberty and equality, was in reality a departure from the natural habits and disposition of his mind. His discontent with Godwin, his evident dislike of his ways of thinking, which often breaks out in these early days, is proof to us that he was himself unprepared to pursue to their lawful (or unlawful) issues those extreme opinions of which Godwin was the steady champion. Let us add, too, that to have written *Wat Tyler*, (which, curiously enough, is not mentioned in the volume before us, though it was certainly written in 1794,) is rather an evidence to us that Southey did not understand what a republican was, than any proof of his own republicanism. A man may be a republican, and conscientiously respect the rights of property: whereas that notorious production (which, it is always due to Southey's memory to state, owed its existence in print to a disgraceful fraud) is little more than a piece of wild declamation against all such rights.

Mr. Southey's materials, for that portion of his father's life which is contained in this volume, are two-fold. He has had placed at his disposal his father's letters to early friends, which, by a connecting thread of comment, he makes available as continuous narrative, throwing in his own reflections sparingly, and with the best taste; and he has availed himself of his father's own narrative of the first fifteen years of his life written thirty years ago, in a series of seventeen letters to his friend Mr. John May. This narrative is printed by itself at the commencement of the volume, and occupies 157 pages.

We do not think the language contains a more delightful piece of autobiography, rich as are its treasures in that style of composition, than these early passages of the life of Southey. It is full of the vividest traits of truth and character, expressed with manly unaffectedness. The recollections begin as early as three years old, and we have the most perfect faith in their sincerity and exactness. His father, his mother, his aunts and his uncles, the masters at the various schools he went to, the boys who used to laugh at him for his cleverness, and persecute him for his curly hair, all start back into life at his bidding. We have before us a piece of the solid reality of English manners and society seventy years ago. Nor is the feeling with which the sketches are executed unworthy of their graphic power. They have a quaint, yet genial, humor, which is perfectly delightful. In writing them, Southey seems to have thrown himself so absolutely into those early years, as to recover once more, in unison with his man's intellect, the simplicity, intensity, good nature, and impressibility of childhood. We are reminded of the best passages of *David Copperfield;* and Southey's Aunt Tyler is the very companion picture of Dickens' Aunt Betsy Trotwood.

We mean to have another article about this fascinating piece of autobiography, and shall conclude for the present with a few extracts taken almost at random. The reader will at once perceive how rich the original must be.

Here are a few of the characteristics of his aunt Tyler, in whose house most of his early years were passed.

When she went out, Miss Tyler's appearance and manners were those of a woman who had been bred in the best society and was equal to it; but if any stranger or visitor had caught her in her ordinary apparel, she would have been as much confused as Diana when Actæon came upon her bathing-place, and almost with as much reason, for she was always in a bed-gown and in rags. Most people, I suspect, have a weakness for old shoes; ease, and comfort, and one's own fireside, are connected with them; in fact, we never feel any regard for shoes till they attain to the privileges of age, and then they become almost as much a part of the wearer as his corns. This sort of feeling my aunt extended to old clothes of every kind; the older and the raggeder they grew, the more unwilling she was to cast them off. But she was scrupulously clean in them; indeed, the principle upon which her whole household economy was directed, was that of keeping the house clean, and taking more precautions against dust than would have been needful against the plague in an infected city. * * * * That the better rooms might be kept clean, she took possession of the kitchen, sending the servants to one which was underground; and in this little, dark, confined place, with a rough stone floor, and a skylight, (for it must not be supposed that it was a best kitchen, which was always, as it was intended to be, a comfortable sitting-room; this was more like a scullery,) we always took our meals, and generally lived. The best room was never opened but for company; except now and then on a fine day to be aired and dusted, if dust could be detected there. In the other parlor I was allowed sometimes to read, and she wrote her letters, for she had many correspondents; and we sat there sometimes in summer, when a fire was not needed, for fire produced ashes, and ashes occasioned dust, and dust, visible or invisible, was the plague of her life. I have seen her order the teakettle to be emptied and refilled, because some one had passed across the hearth while it was on the fire preparing for her breakfast. She had indulged these humors till she had formed for herself notions of uncleanness almost as irrational and inconvenient as those of the Hindoos. She had a cup once buried for six weeks, to purify it from the lips of one whom she accounted unclean; all who were not her favorites were included in that class. A chair, in which an unclean person had sat, was put out in the garden to be aired; and I never saw her more annoyed than on one occasion when a man, who called upon business, seated himself in her own chair; how the cushion was ever again to be rendered fit for her use, she knew not! On such occasions, her fine features assumed a character either fierce or tragic; her expressions were vehement even to irreverence; and her gesticulations those of the deepest and wildest distress—hands and eyes uplifted, as if she was in hopeless misery, or in a paroxysm of mental anguish.

Uncle William was a not less notable person.

William Tyler, the second brother, was a remarkable person. Owing to some defect in his faculties, so anomalous in its kind that I never heard of a similar case, he could never be taught to read; the letters he could tell separately, but was utterly incapable of combining them, and taking in their meaning by the eye. He could write, and copy in a fair hand anything that was set before him, whether in writing or in print; but it was done letter by letter without understanding a single word. As to self-government he was entirely incompetent, so much so that I think he could hardly be considered responsible as a moral being for his actions; yet he had an excellent memory, an observing eye, and a sort of *half-saved* shrewdness which would have qualified him, had he been born two centuries earlier, to have worn motley, and figured with a cap and bells and a bauble in some baron's hall. Never did I meet with any man so stored with old saws and anecdotes gathered up in the narrow sphere wherein he moved. I still remember many of them, though he has been dead more than thirty years. The motto to Kehama, as the Greek reference, when the abbreviations are rightly used, may show, is one of my uncle William's sayings. When it was found impossible to make anything of him by education, he was left to himself, and passed more time in the kitchen than in the parlor, because he stood in fear of his step-father. There he learnt to chew tobacco and to drink.

Strange creature as he was, I think of him very often, often speak of him, quote some of his odd, apt sayings, and have that sort of feeling for his memory, that he is one of the persons whom I should wish to meet in the world to come.

As a *pendant* to this picture, we must have that of the accomplished individual of whom uncle William learnt to chew tobacco. The reader who shares in any manner Chesterfield's dislike to that contortion of visage which is consequent on a hearty roar, must be warned off this anecdote.

The man of whom he learnt the use, or rather the abuse, of tobacco, was a sottish servant, as ignorant as a savage of anything which he ought to have known; that is to say of everything which ought to have been taught him. My mother, when a very little girl, reproved him once for swearing. "For shame, Thomas," she said, "you should not say such naughty words! for shame! say your prayers, Thomas!"—"No, Missey!" said the poor wretch, "I shan't; I shan't say my prayers. I never said my prayers in all my life, Missey; and I shan't begin now." My uncle William (the Squire he was called in the family) provoked him dangerously once. He was dozing beside the fire, with his hat on, which, as is still the custom among the peasantry, (here in Cumberland, at least,) he always wore in the house. You, perhaps, are not enough acquainted with the mode of chewing tobacco, to know that in vulgar life a quid commonly goes through two editions; and that after it has been done with, it is taken out of the mouth, and reserved for a second regale. My uncle William, who had learnt the whole process from Thomas, and always faithfully observed it, used to call it, in its intermediate state, an old soldier. A sailor deposits, or, if there be such a word, (and if there is not, there ought to be,) *re*-posits it in his tobacco-box. I have heard my brother Tom say, that this practice occasioned a great dislike in the navy to the one and two pound notes; for when the men were paid in paper, the tobacco-box served them for purse or pocket-book in lack of anything better, and notes were often rendered illegible by the deep stain of a wet quid. Thomas' place for an old soldier between two campaigns, while he was napping and enjoying the narcotic effects of the first mastication, was the brim of his hat; from whence the squire,

on this occasion, stole the veteran quid, and substituted in its place a dead mouse just taken from the trap. Presently the sleeper, half wakening without unclosing his eyes, and half-stupefied, put up his hand, and, taking the mouse with a finger and thumb, in which the discriminating sense of touch had been blunted by coarse work and unclean habits, opened his mouth to receive it, and, with a slow, sleepy tongue, endeavored to accommodate it to its usual station, between the double teeth and the cheek. Happening to put it in headforemost, the hind legs and the tail hung out, and a minute or more was spent in vain endeavors to lick these appendages in, before he perceived, in the substance, consistence, and taste, something altogether unlike tobacco. Roused at the same time by a laugh which could no longer be suppressed, and discovering the trick which had been played, he started up in a furious rage, and, seizing the poker, would have demolished the squire for this practical jest, if he had not provided a retreat by having the doors open, and taking shelter where Thomas could not, or dared not, follow him.

The same quiet humor, with exquisite touches of a quiet and deep-felt pathos, are in the notice of this uncle William's death.

For one or two years he walked into the heart of the city every Wednesday and Saturday to be shaved, and to purchase his tobacco; he went, also, sometimes to the theatre, which he enjoyed highly. On no other occasion did he ever leave the house; and, as inaction, aided, no doubt, by the inordinate use of tobacco, and the quantity of small beer with which he swilled his inside, brought on a premature old age, even this exercise was left off. As soon as he rose, and had taken his first pint of beer, which was his only breakfast, to the summer-house he went, and took his station in the bow-window as regularly as a sentinel in a watch-box. Here it was his whole and sole employment to look at the few people who passed, and to watch the neighbors, with all whose concerns at last he became perfectly intimate, by what he could thus oversee and overhear. He had a nickname for every one of them. In the evening, my aunt and I generally played at five-card loo with him, in which he took an intense interest; and if, in the middle of the day, when I came home to dinner, he could get me to play at marbles in the summer-house, he was delighted. The points to which he looked on in the week were the two mornings when Joseph came to shave him; this poor journeyman barber felt a sort of compassionate regard for him, and he had an insatiable appetite for such news as the barber could communicate. Thus his days past in wearisome uniformity. He had no other amusement, unless in listening to hear a comedy read; he had not, in himself, a single resource for whiling away the time, not even that which smoking might have afforded him; and being thus utterly without an object for the present or the future, his thoughts were perpetually recurring to the past. His affections were strong and lasting. Indeed, at his mother's funeral his emotions were such as to affect all who witnessed them. That grief he felt to the day of his death. I have also seen tears in his eyes when he spoke of my sisters, Eliza and Louisa, both having died just at that age when he had most delight in fondling them, and they were most willing to be fondled. Whether it might have been possible to have awakened him to any devotional feelings may be doubted; but he believed and trusted simply and implicitly, and more, assuredly, would not be required from one to whom so little had been given. He lived about four years after this removal. His brother Edward died a year before him, of pulmonary consumption. This event affected him deeply. He attended the funeral, described the condition of the coffins in the family vault in a manner which I well remember, and said that his turn would be next. One day, on my return from school at the dinner-hour, going into the summer-house, I found him sitting in the middle of the room and looking wildly. He told me he had been very ill, that he had had a seizure in the head, such as he had never felt before, and that he was certain something very serious ailed him. I gave the alarm; but it passed over; neither he himself, nor any person in the house, knew what such a seizure indicated. The next morning he arose as usual, walked down stairs into the kitchen, and as he was buttoning the knees of his breeches, exclaimed, "Lord, have mercy upon me!" and fell from the chair. His nose was bleeding when he was taken up. Immediate assistance was procured, but he was dead before it arrived.

We must pass for the present the notices of the Bristol Theatre and its associations, though as pleasant as a fairy tale; and content ourselves with illustrating their effect in a humorous little anecdote.

While this dramatic passion continued, I wished my friends to partake it; and soon after I went to Williams' school, persuaded one of my school-fellows to write a tragedy. Bellard was his name, the son of a surgeon at Portbury, a good natured good fellow, with a round face which I have not seen for seven or eight-and-thirty years, and yet fancy that I could recognize it now, and should be right glad to see it. He liked the suggestion, and agreed to it very readily, but he could not tell what to write about. I gave him a story. But then another difficulty was discovered; he could not devise names for the personages of the drama. I gave him a most heroic assortment of *propria quæ maribus et fœminis*. He had now got his *Dramatis Personæ*, but he could not tell what to make them say, and then I gave up the business.

But not only the schoolboys and the schoolmasters live again in these vivid recollections, but even the occasional visitors of the schools, startling and impressive to a boy for their awful familiarity to his pedagogue, return with all their portentous importance once again. The best sketch of this sort is that of a Bristol breeches-maker in the days of buckskin, a glorious fellow, Pullen by name.

If I could paint a portrait from memory, you should have his likeness. Alas, that I can only give it words! and that that perfect figure should at this hour be preserved only in my recollections! *Sic transit gloria mundi!* His countenance expressed all that could be expressed by human features, of thorough-bred vulgarity, prosperity, pride of purse, good living, coarse humor, and boisterous good nature. He wore a white tie-wig. His eyes were of the hue and lustre of scalded gooseberries, or oysters in sauce. His complexion was of the deepest extract of the grape; he owed it to the Methuen treaty; my uncle, no doubt, had seen it growing in his rides from Porto; and heaven knows how many pipes must have been filtered through

the Pullenian system, before that fine permanent purple could have been fixed in his cheeks. He appeared always in buckskins of his own making, and in boots. He would laugh at his own jests with a voice like Stentor, supposing Stentor to have been hoarse; and then he would clap old Williams on the back with a hand like a shoulder of mutton for breadth and weight. You may imagine how great a man we thought him. They had probably been boon companions in their youth, and his visits seldom failed to make the old man lay aside the schoolmaster. He was an excellent hand at demanding half a holyday; and when he succeeded always demanded three cheers for his success, in which he joined with all his might and main. If I were a believer in the Romish purgatory, I should make no doubt that every visit that he made to that schoolroom, was carried to the account of his good works. Some such set-off he needed; for he behaved with brutal want of feeling to a son who had offended him, and who, I believe, would have perished for want, if it had not been for the charity of John Morgan's mother; an eccentric but thoroughly good woman, and one of those people whom I should rejoice to meet in the next world. This I learnt from her several years afterwards. At this time Pullen was a widower between fifty and sixty; a hale strong-bodied man, upon whom his wine-merchant might reckon for a considerable annuity, during many years to come. He had purchased some lands adjacent to the Leppincott property near Bristol, in the pleasantest part of that fine neighborhood. Sir Henry Leppincott was elected member for the city, at that election in which Burke was turned out. He died soon afterwards; his son was a mere child; and Pullen, the glorious Pullen, in the plenitude of his pride, and no doubt in a new pair of buckskins, called on the widow; introduced himself as the owner of the adjacent estate; and upon that score, without further ceremony, proposed marriage as an arrangement of mutual fitness. Lady Leppincott, of course, rang the bell, and ordered the servants to turn him out of the house. This is a story which would be deemed too extravagant in a novel; and yet you would believe it without the slightest hesitation, if you had ever seen the incomparable breeches-maker.

In closing this book we have heartily to congratulate Mr. Southey on having opened the biography of his father with a volume of such striking and sterling interest.

From the Spectator.

The life of Southey was uneventful; its very occurrences derive their color from his opinions rather than from the nature of the acts, though circumstances have given much publicity to the leading incidents. His early views on politics and religion, and the enthusiasm with which he urged them, excited the hostility of the Pitt tories; the attacks of the *Antijacobin* giving to his early career a celebrity it would not have attained by itself. When years and experience cooled his enthusiasm and altered his views, and he became linked with men who attacked his old opinions and some of his old associates with a coarseness and fury which were wrongfully attributed to him, he roused the anger of whigs and radicals, as he had formerly done that of their opponents. His life was then assailed for the wide extremes of opinion between *Wat Tyler* and the *Vision of Judgment*, or similar strains of loyalty. His quarrels with Byron and the "Satanic School" exposed him to the satirical attacks of *Don Juan* and the *Liberal;* and their poetical form embalmed his life and characteristics in a more enduring shape than the political assaults, unless it were the jeux d'esprit of Canning. Hence, the novelty of Southey's biography must be inner rather than outer, and must refer to thoughts rather than deeds.

In this point of view it is worth a full exposition, for, independently of his literary eminence, Southey was the head of a class. If Pope set the first example of emancipation from patronage or place, showing that the time had come when a man of genius might reap a sufficient pecuniary reward by his works—and if Goldsmith was the first who really addressed the *people*—Southey was the original of the modern littérateur, who follows authorship as a regular profession, and holds the pen of a "ready writer." Writers, indeed, existed before his time, who were ready enough to undertake anything that was offered to them; but they neither brought knowledge to their labor, nor exercised it conscientiously, nor were able to live by their wits, at least respectably. In all these points Southey was the reverse; for although he had resources apart from literature, (his pension, his salary as Laureate, and, in the outset, 160*l.* a year allowed him by his schoolfellow, Mr. C. W. W. Wynne,) yet he had family claims upon him through life, and his income from his own labors was sufficient for respectable subsistence.

It is desirable to have a full account of the thoughts of such a man, and the gradual changes they underwent. It is also well to be able to trace the acquisition of his knowledge; the economy of time, and the steady industry, by which so much was prepared for and written; the influence that years and outward events exercised upon his opinions and his productions. Whether six full-sized and closely-printed volumes may not partake a little of the "ne quid nimis," will be better told when greater progress is made with the work. As regards the correspondence in the volume before us, the book would have been improved by a somewhat more vigorous excision; by the omission of mere expressions of opinion, or of minor details in reference to other people. As yet, however, the extraneous or unimportant matter is less than might have been imagined.

Nearly a half of the volume is occupied by a family history and autobiography, by Southey himself. It was begun in the year 1820, when the writer was six-and-forty, and was addressed in a series of seventeen letters to his friend John May. It brings down the writer's life and reminiscences to the age of fifteen, just before he had to leave Westminster School for a severe jeu d'esprit on flogging, which Dr. Vincent, the head master, took to himself. But this part contains something more than the writer's autobiography. The family history is told at a length rather disproportioned to its interest. The dwellings with

the furniture of his parents and immediate relations are described in a style which partakes of the minutely garrulous. The picture of his own feelings, his mind and its progress, the sketches of the various characters in his own family and at school, are fuller of interest. Even the foreign matters and family genealogy contribute with the biography to form a picture of middle-class life and society such as it existed sixty or seventy years ago; although not altogether free from the *using-up* habit of the professional littérateur, and not devoid of the "longueurs" which Byron attributed to "Bob Southey."

The second half of the volume relates to Southey's life from the age of fifteen to twenty-five, and consists of his correspondence for the period embraced, with a connecting narrative by his son. Its principal topics are Southey's career at college, his rejection of the church from conscientious motives, his struggling uncertainty in regard to a profession, the scheme of Pantisocracy, his literary projects in conjunction with Coleridge and others, and the composition of *Joan of Arc* and *Madoc*, with many of his minor poems. To this period also belong his first marriage, his journey to Spain and Portugal, his appearance before the world as an author, his unsuccessful attempt to study for the bar, his final withdrawal from law and London, and his commencement of literature as the fixed pursuit of his life, in his twenty-fifth year.

The facts about Pantisocracy are pretty well known from Mr. Cottle's interesting Reminiscences of Coleridge; the history of Southey's epic and other poems have been told by himself in the prefaces to his collected edition; much incidental information about the whole of this period may also be gleaned from various memoirs and the letters of Southey that have been published. The interest of this part lies less in the narrative of the facts than in the pictures of mind and character. To his intimate friends, especially to Mr. Bedford of the Exchequer, Southey pours out himself fully upon all subjects, whether public or personal, with feelings as enthusiastic as might be supposed from a projector of a society, where property should be in common, and literature, science, virtue, and what not, cultivated by all its members, alternately with the cultivation of the earth. His style partakes of his feelings. It is verbose, with a touch of the schoolboy or "freshman," sometimes occupied in turning and pointing periods, sometimes declamatorial, and giving little promise of the solidity it afterwards attained, though there is its easy flow. Much of this raw character, however, passed away with his teens; and the call to express his opinions to others left him too. In 1798, when in his twenty-fourth year, he writes thus to Mr. Wynn.

You call me lazy for not writing: is it not the same with you? Do you feel the same inclination for filling a folio sheet now as when in '90 and '91 we wrote to each other so fully and so frequently? The inclination is gone from me. I have nothing to communicate—no new feelings—no new opinions. We move no longer in the same circles, and no longer see things in the same point of view. I never now write a long letter to those who think with me—it is useless to express what they also feel; and as for reasoning with those who differ from me, I have never seen any good result from argument. I write not in the best of spirits; my mother's state of health depresses me—the more so as I have to make her cheerful. Edith is likewise very unwell; indeed, so declining as to make me somewhat apprehensive for the future. A few months will determine all these uncertainties, and perhaps change my views in life, or rather destroy them. This is the first time that I have expressed the feelings that often will rise. Take no notice of them when you write.

It is probable, however, that his health had something to do with his greater epistolary reticence: anxiety, mental exertion, and a sedentary life, had begun to produce their usual effects; and the volume closes with medical advice and a partial suspension of his literary labors.

The correspondence exhibits some weaknesses of character, which more or less accompanied the author through life; but it also bears witness to his honesty of purpose and motive. He declined the church, in which he had fair prospects, of family consequence to him, because he could not subscribe the Articles. Similar feelings threw him upon the world to find his own bread and that of others as he could; while, though not devoid of enthusiasm in politics and social philosophy, it was, though a youthful, a reasoning, not a headstrong enthusiasm. The critic could see the errors of people on his own side; and it does not seem that his Christianity was ever altogether shaken, though he held a singular kind of Socinianism.

The sterling firmness and honesty of Southey were shown in his marriage. The family of Miss Fricker was not in original standing equal to his own, and reverses had overtaken them. Her position is known by the lordly personality of one of Byron's couplets; when his aunt Tyler was made acquainted with his plans of emigration and marriage, she turned him out of doors, on a wet autumn night, leaving him to walk home, a distance of nine miles. His uncle Hill, the Chaplain at Lisbon who had supported him at Oxford after his father's failure, was milder, and more politic: he offered to take him to Portugal for a few months.

Mr. Hill's object in this was partly to take him out of the arena of political discussion into which he had thrown himself by his lectures, and bring him round to more moderate views, and also to wean him if possible from what he considered an "imprudent attachment." In the former object he partly succeeded; in attempting to gain the latter, he had not understood my father's character. He was too deeply and sincerely attached to the object of his choice to be lightly turned from it; and the similarity of her worldly circumstances to his own would have made him consider it doubly dishonorable even to postpone the fulfilment of his engagement. * * *

When the day was fixed for the travellers to depart, my father fixed that also for his wedding-day; and on the 14th of November, 1795, was united

at Radclift Church, Bristol, to Edith Fricker. Immediately after the ceremony they parted. My mother wore her wedding-ring hung round her neck, and preserved her maiden name until the report of the marriage had spread abroad. The following letters will explain these circumstances, and fill up the interval until his return.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Nov. 21, 1795, Nan Swithin, near St. Columbs.

Grosvenor, what should that necromancer deserve who could transpose our souls for half an hour, and make each the inhabitant of the other's tenement? There are so many curious avenues in mine, and so many closets in yours, of which you have never sent me the key.

Here I am, in a huge and handsome mansion, not a finer room in the county of Cornwall than the one in which I write; and yet have I been silent, and retired into the secret cell of my own heart. This day week, Bedford! There is something in the bare name that is now mine, that wakens sentiments I know not how to describe: never did man stand at the altar with such strange feelings as I did. Can you, Grosvenor, by any effort of imagination shadow out my emotion? * * She returned the pressure of my hand, and we parted in silence.——Zounds! what have I to do with supper!

And again he writes to his friend Cottle.

To Joseph Cottle, Esq.

Falmouth, 1795.

My dear Friend,—I have learnt from Lovel the news from Bristol, public as well as private, and both of an interesting nature. My marriage is become public. You know my only motive for wishing it otherwise, and must know that its publicity can give me no concern. I have done my duty. Perhaps you may hardly think my motives for marrying at that time sufficiently strong. One, and that to me of great weight, I believe was never mentioned to you. There might have arisen feelings of an unpleasant nature at the idea of receiving support from one not legally a husband; and (do not show this to Edith) should I perish by shipwreck, or any other casualty, I have relations whose prejudices would then yield to the anguish of affection, and who would love, cherish, and yield all possible consolation to my widow. Of such an evil there is but a possibility: but against possibility it was my duty to guard. * * *

Farewell. Yours sincerely,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

We will close the present notice with a few gleanings from what after all is the most interesting part of the volume—the autobiography. This was the state of female education and middle-class morals some eighty years ago.

Female education was not much regarded in her [his mother's] childhood. The ladies who kept boarding-schools in those days did not consider it necessary to possess any other knowledge themselves than that of ornamental needlework. Two sisters, who had been mistresses of the most fashionable school in Herefordshire, fifty years ago, used to say when they spoke of a former pupil, "*Her* went to school to *we*;" and the mistress of what some ten years later, was thought the best school near Bristol, (where Mrs. Siddons sent her daughter,) spoke, to my perfect recollection, much such English as this. My mother, I believe, never went to any but a dancing-school, and her state was the more gracious. But her half-sister, Miss Tyler, was placed at one in the neighborhood under a Mrs. ——, whom I mention because her history is characteristic of those times. Her husband carried on the agreeable business of a butcher in Bristol while she managed a school for young ladies about a mile out of the town. His business would not necessarily have disqualified her for this occupation, (though it would be no recommendation,) Kirke White's mother, a truly admirable woman, being in this respect just under like circumstances. But Mrs. —— might, with more propriety, have been a blacksmith's wife; as in that case, Vulcan might have served for a type of her husband in his fate, but not in the complacency with which he submitted to it, horns sitting as easily on his head as upon the beasts which he slaughtered. She was a handsome woman, and her children were, like the Harleian Miscellany, by different authors. This was notorious; yet her school flourished notwithstanding, and she retired from it at last with a competent fortune, and was visited as long as she lived by her former pupils. This may serve to show a great improvement in the morals of middle life.

The following is Southey's reminiscence of his dancing-days, and his dancing-master, a man of the name of Walters.

That poor man was for three years the plague of my life, and I was the plague of his. In some unhappy mood he prevailed on my mother to let me learn to dance; persuading himself, as well as her, that I should do credit to his teaching. It must have been for my sins that he formed this opinion: in an evil hour for himself and for me was it formed; he would have had much less trouble in teaching a bear, and far better success. I do not remember that I set out with any dislike or contempt of dancing; but the unconquerable incapacity which it was soon evident that I possessed, produced both, and the more he labored to correct an incorrigible awkwardness, the more awkwardly of course I performed. I verily believe the fiddlestick was applied as much to my head as to the fiddle-strings when I was called out. But the rascal had a worse way than that of punishing me. He would take my hands in his, and lead me down a dance: and then the villain would apply his thumb-nail against the flat surface of mine, in the middle, and press it till he left the mark there: this species of torture I suppose to have been his own invention; and so intolerable it was, that at last whenever he had recourse to it I kicked his shins. Luckily for me he got into a scrape by beating a boy unmercifully at another school, so that he was afraid to carry on this sort of contest; and, giving up at last all hope of ever making me a votary of the Graces or of the dancing Muse, he contented himself with shaking his head and turning up his eyes in hopelessness whenever he noticed my performance.

"The child is father of the man." Southey's earliest effort at prose (he began to compose verse as early as he could remember) was the type of much of his future writing, a skilful reproduction of other people's matter.

Sometimes, when Williams was in good humor, he suspended the usual business of the school and exercised the boys in some uncommon manner. For example, he would bid them all take their

slates, and write as he should dictate. This was to try their spelling; and I remember he once began with this sentence—"As I walked out to take the air, I met a man with red hair, who was heir to a good estate, and was carrying a hare in his hand." Another time he called upon all of a certain standing to write a letter, each upon any subject that he pleased. You will perhaps wonder to hear that no task ever perplexed me so wofully as this. I had never in my life written a letter, except a formal one at Corston before the holydays, every word of which was of the master's dictation, and which used to begin "Honored Parents." Some of the boys produced compositions of this stamp: others, who were a little older and more ambitious, wrote in a tradesmanlike style, soliciting orders, or acknowledging them, or sending in an account. For my part I actually cried for perplexity and vexation. Had I been a blockhead this would have provoked Williams; but he always looked upon me with a favorable eye, and, expressing surprise rather than anger, he endeavored both to encourage and shame me to the attempt. To work I fell at last, and presently presented him with a description of Stonehenge, in the form of a letter, which completely filled the slate. I had laid hands not long before upon the Salisbury Guide, and Stonehenge had appeared to me one of the greatest wonders in the world. The old man was exceedingly surprised, and not less delighted; and I well remember how much his astonishment surprised me, and how much I was gratified by his praise. I was not conscious of having done anything odd or extraordinary, but the boys made me so; and to the sort of envy which it excited among them I was indebted for a wholesome mortification.

For the Living Age.

AN ODE FOR THE PEACE CONGRESS AT PARIS, AUGUST, 1849.

BY REV. WILLIAM ALLEN, D. D., A DELEGATE FROM NORTH BARRINGTON, MASS.

As sang great Milton;—on that happy morn,
When Christ, God's Son, the PRINCE OF PEACE, was born,

I.

"No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high uphung,
The hookéd chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the arméd throng,
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by."

II.

Short calm, but emblem sure
Of Peace, that will endure,
When Christ shall rule in all the hearts of men;
When Truth his midday beams
O'er all the earth outgleams,
And Love Fraternal shall bear sway again:
Truth, Love, and Peace, in union strong,
Will quench all War, and check the desolating wrong.

III.

But ah! what streams of blood,
With overflowing flood,
Have spread o'er all the smiling fields of earth!
What myriads have died
In war's terrific pride,
Their woe and agony the demon's mirth!
And as their spirits took their flight,
What visions of the future struck them with affright!

IV.

Oh fools! my brethren dear,
The fighters on this sphere,
The victims of your chieftains' angry strife!
For, if ye would not wield
The gun, sword, spear and shield,
And would not dice away your soul and life,
The conquerors of this wretched world
Would be from all their dizzy height of glory hurled.

V.

For truly war 's a game,*
Ending in woe and shame,
Which frenzied kings no longer here would play
Were but their subjects wise,
Or if with open eyes
They looked on all the horrors of the fray,
Or tried to guage the depth of crime,
When men on piles of brothers' bones to glory climb!

VI.

O GLORY! proud and high,
I see thy column nigh,†
All covered with the conqueror's sculptured tale;
But truly reared, alas!
Not of hewn stone and brass,
But of poor widows' tears and orphans' wail:
Of human bones and blood 't is built—
Of myriad men, who died in agony and guilt.

VII.

Like column, with strange awe,
The peace-pledged statesman‡ saw,
As once he wandered o'er the Servian plain,
Upreared of skulls all white
As marble to the sight,
Of many a thousand human wretches slain:—
I would such monument arose
O'er every sleeping conqueror which history knows.

VIII.

By all the dead, who sleep
Beyond the Alpine steep,
Beyond the Pyrenean summits high,
On Egypt's level shore,
Or where Rhine's waters pour,
Or 'neath the snows of Russia's northern sky,
We bid you change all hate to love,
And deeds of arms for righteous deeds approved above!

IX.

By all the bright array
Of God's great judgment day,
When—as his Word is true—these dead will rise,
And when proud conqueror's ear
No madding shout will hear,
But turned on him will be their fiery eyes,
We bid you seek your fellows' good,
And breathe the spirit of true HUMAN BROTHERHOOD!

X.

O Switzerland! thy snows most pure
And mountains, that endure,

* War is a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at. COWPER

† In the *Place Vendome*, at Paris.

‡ Lamartine: see his Pilgrimage, III., 106, Am. Edit.

Who sees, lifting their summits to the sky,
And hears the torrents' roar
Like waves on ocean's shore,
Should feel the majesty of God on high,
The God of Peace! Yet oft thy snows
Have been distained with blood which from life's fountain flows.

XI.

Lo, Glory's mount sublime!
But ponder, as ye climb,
The lovely vale ye 're leaving far below,
Each graceful plant and tree,
All breathing melody,
For the bare peak of cold and glittering snow;
The top is high and shines in light,
But there no harvest field e'er charms the gazer's sight.

XII.

Yet there is glory true
To patriot-warrior due,
Who breasts the invading hosts, like Washington:
His was no stain of blood,
Nor dark and conscious mood,
For who would see *his country* overthrown?
'T was duty urged him to the fight,
To guard the fireside from the foul invader's blight.

XIII.

But love of murderous war,
The scent of blood from far,
The lust of conquest and avenging pride,
The recklessness of life,
And rapture of the strife—
These to the Right are not indeed allied:
On these the Gospel precepts frown—
All these condemned by Him who bore the thorny crown.

XIV.

"The pomp and circumstance"
Of war is thine, O France!
Thy citadel of glory too is here:
And yet, a resolute band,
Before thee now we stand,
And in our panoply complete appear:
The shield of Faith we hold on high,
And our good sword of Truth is flashing on thine eye!

XV.

We preach a new crusade—
The cross of Christ displayed
By every soldier of the holy band;—
Not emblem on the vest,
But *goodness* in the breast,
And deeds of love performed by every hand:
We would transform the sword and spear
To pruning-hook, and sickle for the ripened ear.

XVI.

In our assembly free
Struggling for charity,
We quail not at the embattled hosts of foes;
As sure as Truth is Light,
Our arms shall win the fight,
For Error cannot stand Truth's sturdy blows;
The Prince of Peace will surely reign,
And Love and Joy revisit our poor world again!

From Punch.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

Scene 2.—*Piccadilly. The Unprotected Female is on the foot-pavement, with a basket, two bandboxes, an umbrella, a plant in a pot, a bird-cage, and a child's toy-horse of the largest size. She wishes to go somewhere by an omnibus, but has not the least idea which is the omnibus which will take her there. Two Putneys pass at opposition pace. Unprotected Female waves her umbrella vaguely.*

Cad A. } *Jumping down together.* Now ma'am.
Cad B. }

Unprotected Female. Which is this omnibus?

Cad A. Yes ma'am, that 's ourn.

[*Seizes Unprotected Female.*

Cad B. Yes ma'am, here you are.

[*Seizes Unprotected Female's luggage.*

Unprotected Female (*extricating herself with dignity.*) Don't take hold of me, man—How dare you touch those things? How dare you both? I 'll call police—

Driver A. (*to Cad A.*) Now, Bill, where is she for?

Driver B. (*to Cad B.*) Shove her in, Jim. What 's up?

Cad A. Where for, ma'am?

Unprotected Female. Oh, I want to be put down at—

Cad B. That 's us, ma'am—*He* don't go there—

[*Drags Unprotected Female towards 'bus B.*

Cad A. Hollo—you pulled us up, you know—Come along.

[*Seizes Unprotected Female; terrific struggle, in which the Unprotected Female is a good deal fought over, and reduced to a state bordering on imbecility.*

Cad A. (*whipping her on to his step.*) Now, ma'am, here you are—

Passenger in 'bus A. We are quite full—

Driver A. Now, Bill, look alive.

Cad A. Lots of room atwix' the stout gent and the old 'ooman. All right!

[*Drives Unprotected Female violently into the lap of Crusty Bank Clerk, on his way to dinner.*

Crusty Bank Clerk. How dare you, woman!

Unprotected Female. Oh, gracious goodness! Keep off, do; you wretch!

Incommoded Foreigner. Dere is not any of room, madame.

Indignant Capitalist. Shameful!

Cad A. All right! Here 's your things.

[*Hurls into omnibus the bandboxes, the bird-cage, the toy-house, the flower-pot with plant; the last falling on the toes of the Indignant Capitalist.*

Indignant Capitalist. Confound—

[*The rest of the sentence is jerked back out of his mouth into his lungs by the sudden moving on of the omnibus. The Unprotected Female has been shaken all of a heap on to several passengers' legs, toes, laps, and hats, and bounds up and down with the pitch of the omnibus.*

Driver A. (*to Cad A., over his shoulder.*) Tight fit, Bill!

Cad A. (*to Driver A., with grin, over the top of 'bus.*) Werry. (*Peeps into 'bus. To Driver.*) They 're a shakin' down wisibly.

Crusty Bank Clerk. People should n't come into public conveyances when there is no accommodation.

Unprotected Female. Oh! I did n't come in—I

was forced to—If you could, please, let me off the bird-cage. Oh! who has been a-top of my canary!

Incommoded Foreigner (*with much politeness.*) *Comme ça*, madame. How you feel? Nevare mind for my leg. *C'est-ça.*

Unprotected Female (*with a gush of thankfulness.*) Oh, thank you, sir, I 'm sure. (*Looking indignantly at Bank Clerk and Capitalist.*) I 'll thank you not to destroy my plant, sir—if *you* please.

[*Snatches at the pot, and in so doing drives the plant, which is of a stiff and prickly order, into the mouth, nose and eyes, of Capitalist.*

Capitalist. Will you have *done*, ma'am, with your infernal vegetables!

Bank Clerk. How such things are allowed to be brought into public conveyances is wonderful!

Indignant Capitalist (*to Cad.*) I tell you, sir, we 've fifteen inside—and that is n't a baby in arms. (*Pointing to a stout youth of* 6, *whom his mother got passed into 'bus under above title.*) I 'll have you pulled up, sir.

Cad A. (*darting his head into door and nearly flattening Capitalist's face.*) Sloane Street!

Unprotected Female. Eh! (*Screams.*) Here—(*Struggling for her bandbox, flower-pot, toy-horse, umbrella, all at once.*) Oh—I want to go to the bank—Let me out! Let me out!

Cad A. Sixpence.

Unprotected Female (*precipitating herself from step.*) Oh—why did n't you say you was n't going to the bank?

Capitalist. Thank goodness, she 's gone!

Bank Clerk. Those confounded females!

Sententious Passenger. The majority of women seem to think all omnibuses go to the bank every journey, either way.

Cad A. Now, ma'am, look sharp!

Unprotected Female. I ought to have a sixpence!

[*Wrenches at her glove, which, her hand being damp, refuses to come off.*

Driver. Now, Bill—look alive—one would think you was a picking them out with a pin, like winkles.

Cad A. Now, ma'am.

Unprotected Female. Oh! my money 's in my reticule! [*Rushes to basket.*

Driver (*in uncontrollable impatience.*) Now, Bill!

Cad A. (*to Driver.*) She 's a divin' for her money.

Unprotected Female (*having disinterred everything in vain from basket.*) Where can my reticule be? (*Darts to 'bus.*) Oh, please, there 's a reticule. [*Inserts herself among the passengers' legs.*

Capitalist. Have done, ma'am—By Heaven, it 's shameful!

Bank Clerk. You don't think your confounded reticule 's in my boots, do you?

Incommoded Foreigner (*with good-humored satisfaction.*) Ah-ha—*voici*—madame.

[*Holds up reticule, which he seems to have been sitting on.*

Unprotected Female. Oh, thank you, sir, I 'm sure. Here, (*Dashes her hand into reticule, and extracts coppers from all corners,*) thruppence.

Cad A. Thruppence, ma'am, no ma'am. Thruppence all the way? Sixpence to Sloane street. (*Makes a grab at her handful of coppers.*) That 's it, ma'am—all right—Joe, (*with rapid change,*) here 's Jack Saunders.

Driver. All right! We 'll melt him.

[*Omnibus vanishes at full gallop as Opposition appears. Unprotected Female places herself so as to be run over.*

Driver of Opposition. Now then, stoopid.

Unprotected Female (*screams.*) Oh!

[*Rushes under the nose of a cab-horse trotting in opposite direction.*

Cabman (*ferociously.*) Yah! (*Shouts.*) Where are *you* a-drivin' to?

Unprotected Female (*escapes with difficulty to foot-pavement, and sinks exhausted in agony, on her pile of luggage. To Policeman, imploringly.*) Oh! when will there be anything to the bank?

Policeman. One just passed, ma'am.

Unprotected Female (*rushing back into centre of road.*) Hoy! ho! Oh, stop him, some one, please—do. I want to go to the bank.

[*Exit running violently, to the danger of her life, and neglect of her luggage—Her cries become fainter and fainter. Ragged little boy approaches luggage carefully. Policeman thoughtfully withdraws on the other side. Slow music. Scene closes.*

DEER.—The deer is the most acute animal we possess, and adopts the most sagacious plans for the preservation of its life. When it lies, satisfied that the wind will convey to it an intimation of the approach of its pursuer, it gazes in another direction. If there are any wild birds, such as curlews or ravens, in its vicinity, it keeps its eye intently fixed on them, convinced that they will give it a timely alarm. It selects its cover with the greatest caution, and invariably chooses an eminence from which it can have a view around. It recognizes individuals, and permits the shepherds to approach it. The stags at Tornapress will suffer the boy to go within twenty yards of them, but if I attempt to encroach upon them they are off at once. A poor man who carries peats in a creel on his back here, may go "cheek-for-jowl" with them: I put on his pannier the other day, and attempted to advance, and immediately they sprung away like antelopes. An eminent deer-stalker told me the other day of a plan one of his keeper's adopted to kill a very wary stag. This animal had been known for years, and occupied part of a plain from which it could perceive the smallest object at the distance of a mile. The keeper cut a thick bush, which he carried before him as he crept, and commenced stalking at eight in the morning; but so gradually did he move forward, that it was five P. M. before he stood in triumph with his foot on the breast of the antlered king. "I never felt so much for an inferior creature," said the gentleman, "as I did for this deer. When I came up it was panting life away, with its large blue eyes firmly fixed on its slayer. You would have thought, sir, that it was accusing itself of simplicity in having been so easily betrayed."—*Inverness Courier.*

IVORY.—At the quarterly meeting of the Geological and Polytechnic Society of the West Riding of Yorkshire, held in the Guildhall in Doncaster, on Wednesday last, Earl Fitzwilliam in the chair, Mr. Dalton of Sheffield read a paper on "ivory as an article of manufacture." The value of the annual consumption in Sheffield was about £30,000, and about 500 persons were employed in working it up for trade. The number of tusks to make up the weight consumed in Sheffield, about 180 tons, was 45,000. According to this, the number of elephants killed every year was 22,500; but supposing that some tusks were cast, and some animals died, it might be fairly estimated that 18,000 were killed for the purpose.—*Yorkshire Gazette.*

From the Examiner, 10 Nov.

LOUIS NAPOLEON HIS OWN MASTER.

Louis Napoleon's sudden turning out of such men as Odilon Barrot, Dufaure, and Tocqueville, promised to be the commencement of one of the most interesting chapters in French history. People applied themselves to the perusal of the development of that incident with no little promise of interest. Great has been the disappointment, irresistible the *ennui*. The chapter expected to be so full of excitement, turns out dead as ditch water. One might have been tired of the old personages, weary enough of the Barrots and Dufaures; but, after all, they were much more respected than the Rouhers and the Hautpouls, and quite as amusing. What was the change made for? If it was meant to show that any sticks would fill the posts of ministers, as well as the gentlemen ejected, and that neither talent nor principle were required for the service, that reason certainly was a good and solid one. But it is difficult to see the profit to the president of having gone through such a demonstration.

The result of the change has been, as we observed, no change whatever in the policy of the government, either towards Rome or towards Russia, or with respect to the home government and appointments. But one considerable result has been produced, and this is the re-constitution of the moderate republican party. It had been broken up by M. Dufaure's acceptance of office in a ministry of which the majority was anti-republican. The turning out of M. Dufaure has, however, enabled Cavaignac to reconstitute the old republican club, and to rally to it already many who held aloof before. Barthelemy St. Hilaire, for example, and the moderate members of the provisional government who so fiercely denounced Cavaignac for tripping them up, have now been reconciled to him. And thus by degrees a large and formidable body, in constitutional opposition, will be formed, to resist the reactionists, and to oppose the reëlection of Louis Napoleon himself, should he remain, as he shows every symptom of doing, amongst the ultras. The president tried to prevent this, by giving office to M. Duclerc, who in the first surprise gladly accepted it. But should M. Duclerc, remain in M. d'Hautpoul's cabinet, it will mark his own defection, not the adhesion of his party. On Wednesday this new party made trial of its power, and voted for the nullification of Falloux's education bill. It succeeded by 307 votes against 303.

What will M. Barrot do? is a very general question. Get himself cured of a very bad disorder, under which he is at present laboring, must be received as a quite sufficient answer.

No one has been more put out by the change than M. Thiers. A full explanation of this would lead us into far too many particularities and details; but we have no doubt that Louis Napoleon was driven to his somewhat precipitate act by the cool contempt which M. Thiers displayed towards him in his report on the affairs of Rome—a contempt which the president soon prepared to return by some heavy blows. These blows are not yet stricken. M. Thiers' friends retain their posts of profit and influence. Their continuing to do so, or not, will mark the schism or the reconciliation.

The president's personal policy has, however, yet to be tested by the news from Rome. The last news from South Italy was, that the Pope, delighted with the debate in the National Assembly, and its results, was about to return to Rome. His holiness, however, will certainly change or defer his purpose, as soon as he learns the fate of his friends Tocqueville and Barrot. With the author of the letter to Colonel Ney in uncontrolled authority over French affairs, and over the army in Rome, the Pope, or rather the Pope's council, may entertain feelings of doubt and of mistrust, which even the appointment of an imbecile ditto of Oudinot, Baraguay D'Hilliers, may not be able to dispel.

Louis Napoleon, master of his own cabinet, as of Rome, cannot but insist on some apparent adoption of the conditions of his famous letter. *He* cannot pass them over like M. Thiers, or smother them like M. Barrot. The president's character and consistency are now at stake. They have no cover, he no excuse. By his manner of dealing with Rome will his presidentship be judged, and he himself go down to posterity as a man of his word, or a charlatan.

THE HUNGARIAN EXILES.

In our town edition of last week we made the subjoined announcement:—

There is no longer, we believe, reason to doubt that the terms and conditions on which the Russian czar has withdrawn his claim to the extradition of the Hungarian refugees, are most discreditable to the ministry of the sultan, and such as all civilized governments ought to take active measures to defeat and render nugatory.

The sultan has engaged to send Kossuth, Dembinski, and the leaders of the late civil war, to the remotest part of the interior of the Turkish empire, and to provide an efficient surveillance to prevent their removal or escape during the term of their lives. The rest of the refugees (comprising the great bulk of those now encamped at Widden) are to receive the benefits of the amnesty, and to return to the Austrian empire.

This announcement has but to be made authoritatively, (which it will be, as we believe, without delay,) to raise an indignant outcry from one side of Europe to the other. There is not an inhabitant of a free state, in any civilized land, who is not directly interested in the question thus raised, and bound to use all the means within his power to defeat so gross and unprecedented an outrage on the common rights of peoples and nations.

No further notice was taken of the matter until Wednesday, when the *Daily News* published several letters from Widden, expressed its belief that Russia had demanded the imprisonment of the Hungarian leaders, and protested against the concession of a demand so degrading to Turkey.

We will not believe the possibility of anything so infamous being perpetrated. We may, we think, fairly rely upon the generous energies of the British government being exerted, and upon Lord Palmerston being not wanting to his known sympathy and proverbial spirit on an occasion such as this, in which he is sustained by the unmistakable and unswerving support of the British public.

The *Times* kept silence until yesterday (Friday) afternoon, when, in a second edition, its correspondent at Vienna was "enabled to inform it" of the announcement made in the *Examiner* a week before.

My letter of the 21st of October communicated the important intelligence that the Emperor of Russia had consented to withdraw his claim for the extradition of his subjects who were implicated by the Hungarian rebellion. I am at present enabled to inform you that the matter is definitively concluded, *the Porte having pledged itself to keep in safe custody, in one or more of the Turkish fortresses, all those refugees whose names may be mentioned by the Russian and Austrian governments*, and immediately to banish the others—probably with the exception of those who may in the mean time have embraced the Mahometan religion—from the Turkish territories. Of course this probably authentic news *completely confutes all the ridiculous reports, according to which, Kossuth and some of his colleagues are already on their way to join Messrs. Pulsky and Teleky in England.*

Reports of humane or civilized conduct in connection with Austria and Russia, may, with perfect propriety, be thought "ridiculous." But however "authentic" the more congenial tidings of barbarity and inhumanity may be, we must more than doubt if they will find favor with the English people, or countenance from the English government.

If Turkey has yielded to this infamous demand, it is, to Kossuth and his friends, the substitution of a lingering death for one more merciful. But more than this. It is, on the part of Turkey herself, a refusal to play the part of hangman's provider for the greater enjoyment of playing the part of hangman.

Turkey, if it be true, takes rank as a state-dungeon of Russia.

But it is impossible that such atrocity can be permitted. No country can have the right to make such a demand, no independent country can be subjected to the inexpressible baseness of conceding it. The privilege which is claimed between states, in special circumstances, to "*interner*" political exiles, was never in any circumstances held to justify their absolute detention, or perpetual imprisonment. The duty of prompt interference, in such case, rests with governments interested in humane and civilized usage, and its immediate exercise, in the present instance, is imperatively called for.—*Ibid.*

From the Examiner, 10 Nov.

THE MOST EFFECTUAL SECURITIES FOR PEACE.

Should the most ardent lovers of peace desire the reduction of the military and naval establishments, well knowing, as they do, that the cost of the land and sea forces exhausts the financial resources, which are the real sinews of war? Since the Peace, upon a round calculation, we have expended at the very least 400,000,000*l.*, or half the amount of the national debt, in soldiers and sailors. Now, let us suppose for a moment that we had saved that money—with our burdens so much lightened, with our finances prosperous and flourishing, should we be more or less pacific than we are now? We apprehend that we should be much less pacific; nay more, that we should be extremely bellicose, and prompt to quarrel, knowing that we could afford it. Having waxed fat we should be apt to kick. As has often been said, the debt binds us over to our good behavior, and the large expenditure for army and navy keeps us from emerging from the debt, which is so pacific in its effects. If this be true, to see practically a Peace Congress we should go to a review, the real securities against war being the expenditure of the means of carrying it on in peace. As the nurses teach the children, you cannot eat your cake and have your cake; so you cannot eat up fourteen millions a year in soldiers and sailors, and have the millions at command without which you cannot wage war. It should follow from this that governments are indisposed for war in proportion to the magnitude of their armaments, and that they may increase their forces till they become as passive, tame, and placable as Quakers. Is this so, or is it not? Which is the nation in the world which has best husbanded its resources? Which is the nation that has the smallest army and fleet in proportion to its power, and which also is the nation that is the quickest to take, ay, and to make, offence; the most sensitive, not to say touchy, as to every point of honor; the most tenacious in standing on all its rights, to the uttermost point; the most peremptory in pressing its claims, the most disposed to "the word and the blow," when hurried into quarrel? Every one answers, the United States. Remember how they overran Mexico, mark how they bundled off the French minister the other day, observe in all differences how haughty and peremptory, not to say domineering, their tone is, and this without fleets and armies, and because what fleets and armies cost they have got in reserve in their pockets. On the other hand, see how pacific France is with half a million of men in arms to pay, and so averse from war, even in the justest and most politic course, that even the Russian invasion of Turkey would not, it is thought, have moved her to any step beyond protest; and that M. Thiers is reported to have declared, that not for scores of such questions as that involving the rights of nations and of humanity, involved in the dispute between the Czar and the Sultan, would he consent to plunging France into a war. Russia swaggers and plays the bully, but has she more appetite for war than France; in other words, has she more resources for it? Little, if any. She, like other over-armed powers, according to

the homely proverb, eat the calf in the cow's belly.

The common plea, then, for armaments, that preparation for war is the best security for peace, is false in the sense in which it is used, but true in the sense we have endeavored to explain. The constant preparation for war is attended with a weakness favorable to peace. It is as if each government had bled itself down to the condition disabling and indisposing for violence. Each is in an exhausting attitude which it conceits one of strength, but which in truth is but the expenditure of strength. Rabelais tells us of a nation which perished of keeping watch and ward; it had an opinion that the moon was in danger from the wolves, and it built up lunatic defences, lofty towers on which an incessant look-out was kept, the effect of which perpetual vigilance was that the people were worn out by exhaustion. Every continental nation has a moon in danger, and vast lunar muniments. The consequence is such a drain and enfeeblement that none can pluck up spirit for war. And yet peace associations, with Mr. Cobden at their head, inveigh against these armaments, and call for the diminution of them. Why, if they would utterly Quakerize the country, they should demand that the forces by land and sea should be doubled or trebled, and we warrant it, the government of Great Britain would be as still and timorous and insignificant as a mouse in the affairs of the world in another five years or so. To reduce England to the most powerless state for good or for ill, let her be overarmed like Sancho Panza, when clad in mail for the defence of his island, and, unable to move hand or foot, cast down and trampled on by all about him.

They, then, who are for peace at all price should be for peace at the price of large military establishments, which leave no margin for war. The surest security for peace is the inability for war, and the inability for war is most certainly brought about by wasteful expenditure; and to pay for an excess of arms when they are not wanted is the most infallible method of guarding against having them when they may be wanted.

From the Examiner, 10th Nov.

CANADIAN ANNEXATION.

The question of annexation to the United States is mooted in Canada, and a Manifesto has been published, variously stated as being signed by 350 and by 1200 persons, of all political parties. The leaders, however, seem to be the old tories, who, soured by loss of power, and by commercial difficulties which they have only shared with the rest of the empire, have suddenly turned round and become republicans, as a cure for all the ills their flesh has been subjected to. This is, as if our own agricultural protectionists were, for the nonce, to become good democrats—because out of place, and because wheat was at 42*s.* a quarter, and meat at 4*d.* a pound.

To annexation it may probably come at last, but assuredly, in the meanwhile, not one of the three parties interested in the question is ripe for it. The pride and prejudices of the English nation are unquestionably against it. Three hundred and fifty signatures in its favor, or twice three hundred and fifty, are no proof that it is desired by a population of two millions of colonists. Then, the whole southern states of the American Union are against the measure to a man. There is no chance, whatever, then, of its being carried, or even making any considerable progress, just now.

Some of the grounds on which annexation is argued by the writers of the Manifesto, are futile, and indeed, absurd. The abolition of protection on the part of Great Britain, deeply deplored by these sons of freedom, is to be remedied by the protection afforded by the Great Republic. At the very moment that the subscribers are attaching their signatures, the main portion of this ground is cut away from under their feet by the abolition of the American Navigation Laws. On every load of timber which the Canadians import into the United Kingdom, they have, down to this hour, a protective duty of 5*s.*, equal to one-fourth part of the whole tax on foreign timber. This, of course, they would lose by annexation; nor would they have protection, under the laws of the Union, from any timber whatsoever that it was possible to bring into competition with them in the American market.

But the most extravagant of the anticipated benefits from annexation is protection to Canadian manufactures. What are these either in *esse* or in *posse?* The American legislature, under the advice of certain American manufacturers, imposed a tax on the American people, through a protective duty which greatly enhances the cost of every yard of calico and every ton of iron they use, depreciating at the same time the quality of the articles they are forced to consume. It is this piece of economic mischief which the framers of the Canadian manifesto coolly propose as a great national advantage.

By the aid of the protection, or, in other terms, of self-unproductive taxation, the Americans have been enabled to establish large manufactures of cotton and iron, one of which, at the moment of drawing up the Manifesto, was tottering for want of sufficient protection, and calling out for more taxation to bolster it up. These manufactures have been established for many years, and against them, on equal terms the young manufactures of Canada would have to compete. Without coal, and without iron in the same abundance as in the old states of the Union, and with cotton further fetched, and therefore dearer, the struggle of the Canadian manufactures would assuredly be a very hopeless one.

The Manifesto particularly dwells on the advantage which Lower Canada, in particular, would reap from the establishment of protected manufactures, owing to the abundance of "water privilege" and of "cheap labor." This is sheer self-delusion. For one half the year the "water priv-

vilege" of Canada is solid ice, which does not move wheels but locks them up. A country like Lower Canada, with neither iron nor coal, gains nothing by cheap labor. In the poorest part of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, where labor is low-priced, but where there are no coals—manufactures, although tried, have never succeeded, but they flourish where labor is high and coal abundant. Some deduction, too, must be made for race. Manufactures in Lower Canada, with low-priced wages, supposes Gallican laborers;—artisans of the age of Louis XIII., and Frenchmen of any age, have not as yet been found successful competitors with men of the Anglo-Saxon race, in any great branch of national industry, even on a fair and equal field, which Lower Canada, compared with Pennsylvania, is not. In so far as manufactures are concerned, what the Canadians would acquire would be the privilege of buying dear manufactures, and what they would lose that of purchasing cheap ones.

Let us, however, suppose a peaceable annexation of the Canadas to the Great Federal Republic, and glance at its probable results, as they would affect the different parties interested. It must be a peaceable one, brought about by a friendly negotiation. If not, England will assuredly fight, and whatever be the final issue, the other certain results will be much spilling of blood, and a mulct of not less than a hundred millions on each of the belligerents, with the conversion of Canada into a battle-field for several years, retarding its material prosperity for some quarter of a century. First, then, with respect to the Canadians. The long line of custom-houses on the present frontier will be removed; the productions, the capital, and the population of the Union will enter the Canadas freely; and the lumber of the Canadians (they have little else to exchange) will find a market in the Union without payment of any duty, but in competition with the timber of the present less cultivated States, while they will lose all advantage in the English market—indeed, the English market altogether, for with inferior timber, and a longer carriage, they cannot compete in an equal market with the nations of the north of Europe.

The authors of the Manifesto state that the public service of the United States would be open to them by annexation. But the civil and military services of England are also open to them, for there is not an office under the crown that a Canadian may not now hold. No doubt the Canadas would have the additional privilege, under annexation, of sending representatives to the two houses of the American Legislature; but the professors of ultra loyalism, the leaders of the present movement, could hardly expect to be the choice of democratic constituencies, to represent their country in a republican government.

Next for the advantages of annexation to the United States. We are disposed to think they will be smaller than to either of the other parties. Upper Canada will be a valuable acquisition, and so will the complete navigation of the lakes and the St. Lawrence. But already over-burthened with territory, "the masters of the fairest and most wealthy climates of the world" (new) will be apt, we should fancy, "to turn with contempt" from the frozen regions of Canada, as Gibbon says the Romans did from the mountains of Caledonia. The greatest gain to America, but it is one which England will equally share in, will consist in the removal of the only cause of hostile collision, a conterminous territory, that can exist between her and the only nation in the world that can do her harm; the nation of all others, that by community of blood, language, laws, and interests, it is most for her honor and advantage to live with in harmony.

As to England, in our humble opinion, she will be the greatest gainer of the three by annexation. She will be relieved at once from the heavy load of responsibility with which she is now burthened in her impossible attempts, at the distance of 4,000 miles, to govern wisely a free people whom her statesmen never see, and of whom they know nothing beyond what they find recorded in sheets of foolscap. Further, England will be relieved of the whole military, naval, and ordnance charge of the Canadas, all paid from the Imperial Treasury, and the amount of which, we believe, will not be overstated at a million per annum, contingencies included. Then, with a peaceful settlement, she will be repaid for the great sums which she has lent for the construction of canals and other public works. Neither will her commerce in any respect suffer, but on the contrary gain, as it did under more unfavorable auspices, after the separation of the old colonies. One of our contemporaries says that the agitation of annexation by the Canadians would have been looked on "in the good old times" as "high treason;" but "the good old times," if that were so, were very foolish old times, and in our opinion Lord Elgin has acted with perfect wisdom in throwing no impediment in the way of a fair discussion of the question.

THE *Journal des Débats* describes an important discovery, which occupies the attention of the French scientific world. It is a mechanical leech, invented by M. Alexander, a civil engineer already celebrated for his useful discoveries. All the scientific bodies, after satisfactory trials, have caused this leech to be adopted in all the hospitals; having proved not only the immense economy of its use, but, what is better, the decided advantage which it has over the natural leech, often so scarce, always repugnant to the patient, and sometimes dangerous. The president of the French Republic has given orders for the supply of the apparatus in every commune where it may be found serviceable to indigent patients.

AN OLD-FASHIONED DITTY.

I've tried in much bewilderment to find
Under which phase of loveliness in thee
I love thee best; but oh! my wandering mind
Hovers o'er many sweets, as doth a bee,
And all I feel is contradictory.

I love to see thee gay, because thy smile
Is sweeter than the sweetest thing I know;
And then thy limpid eyes are all the while
Sparkling and dancing, and thy fair cheeks glow
With such a sunset lustre, that e'en so
I love to see thee gay.

I love to see thee sad, for then thy face
Expresseth an angelic misery;
Thy tears are shed with such a gentle grace,
Thy words fall soft, yet sweet as words can be,
That though 't is selfish, I confess, in me,
I love to see thee sad.

I love to hear thee speak, because thy voice
Than music's self is yet more musical,
Its tones make every living thing rejoice;
And I, when on mine ear those accents fall,
In sooth I do believe that most of all
I love to hear thee speak.

Yet no! I love thee mute; for oh, thine eyes
Express so much, thou hast no need of speech!
And there 's a language that in silence lies,
When two full hearts look fondness each to each,
Love's language that I fain to thee would teach,
And so I love thee mute.

Thus I have come to the conclusion sweet,
Nothing thou dost can less than perfect be;
All beauties and all virtues in thee meet;
Yet one thing more I 'd fain behold in thee—
A little love, a little love for me.

Chambers' Journal.

Value of Game.—We are inclined to believe that the real value of game in this country is not in general fully understood. It is usually looked upon as kept chiefly for amusement, and its commercial importance is little thought of. Yet its direct value as a marketable commodity, is very considerable; and its indirect value, as enhancing landed property is so great, that it is not easy to form a just estimate of it. The prices of ordinary game are pretty well known in Scotland; in England they are still higher, and there is always a ready demand. The value of a brace of grouse is, on an average, 6*s.* in England; pheasants, 6*s.*; partridges, 3*s.*; hares, 2*s.* each; woodcocks, from 6*s.* to 10*s.* a pair. The average value of a Highland red deer is not less than £5. So much for the direct value of game; and when we consider its importance indirectly, we are first led to think of the Highland moors which it has rendered so profitable. For the following facts on this portion of the subject we are indebted to an able letter on the game laws by Lord Malmesbury. A vast number of moors are now let for £400 or £500 a year, which formerly brought nothing to the proprietor, as they are unfit even for sheep. Large tracts, which formerly let as sheep farms, are now converted into deer forests, and pay at least one third, and even one half, more than they did formerly. Five hundred deer may be kept on a space of ground that will feed 1200 sheep. Valuing the sheep at the average price of 18*s.* each, these would be worth £1080; but the deer would realize nearly double that sum—namely, £2000; for the average price of stags in summer and hinds in winter is fully £4. From a long-standing knowledge of the Highland moors, Lord Malmesbury is of opinion that they are yearly advancing in price, and becoming a more important kind of property. He saw a list last year of 106 moors let for shootings, the rent of which could not be averaged at less than £300, which makes a total of £31,800. There were twice as many more let at an average of £100, and a third portion unlet, whose value may be fairly stated at £17,000, the whole making together a rental of 70,000 on the Highland shootings. He adds that this may be looked upon as a clear gain, as far as respects the grouse-moors, and an increase of two fifths on deer-ground, called "forest."—*Journal of Agriculture.*

The Poison of the Viper.—The poison of the viper consists of a yellowish liquid secreted in a glandular structure, (situated immediately below the skin on either side of the head,) which is believed to represent the parotid gland of the higher animals. If a viper be made to bite something solid, so as to void its poison, the following are the appearances under the microscope:—At first, nothing is seen but a parcel of salts nimbly floating in the liquor, but in a very short time these saline particles shoot out into crystals of incredible tenuity and sharpness, with something like knots here and there, from which these crystals seem to proceed, so that the whole texture in a manner represents a spider's web, though infinitely finer and more minute. These spiculæ, or darts, will remain unaltered on the glass for some months. Five or six grains of this viperine poison, mixed with half an ounce of human blood, received in a warm glass, produce no visible effects, either in color or consistence, nor do portions of this poisoned blood, mixed with acids or alkalis, exhibit any alterations. When placed on the tongue, the taste is sharp and acrid, as if the tongue had been struck with something scalding or burning; but this sensation goes off in two or three hours. There are only five cases on record of death following the bite of the viper; and it has been observed that the effects are most virulent when the poison has been received on the extremities, particularly the fingers and toes, at which parts the animal, when irritated, (as it were by an innate instinct,) always takes its aim.—*F. T. Buckland.*

The War with Mexico. By R. S. Ripley. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Notwithstanding there has been so much published about the American war, there was need of a work like the one now before us, which is embraced in two elegant octavo volumes; and perhaps all the more need from the multiplicity of hastily written accounts already before the public. Major Ripley seems to have kept in view the great ends of historical writings—the putting on intelligible record of well considered and authenticated facts—and has fulfilled his purpose with great success. With the entire absence of anything like vainglorying or national boasting, he evinces a warm and generous patriotism and professional enthusiasm and a constant aim at impartiality. His introductory chapter, sketching the history of Mexico and the movements towards the annexation of Texas will prepare the well informed reader for confidence in those parts of the work which treat of the exciting times when the sword was unsheathed and the conflict raged. We commend the volumes cordially as just the work which every citizen will desire to have for his own information, and desire to see circulated for the honor of his country.—*Com. Adv.*

No. 293.

PROSPECTUS.- This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh*, *Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of *the movement*—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite *must* be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

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WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

OF all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.